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John McLaughlin on
REAGAN at MIDTERM
See page 22

NATIONAL REVIEW

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ALEKSANDR SOLZHENITSYN

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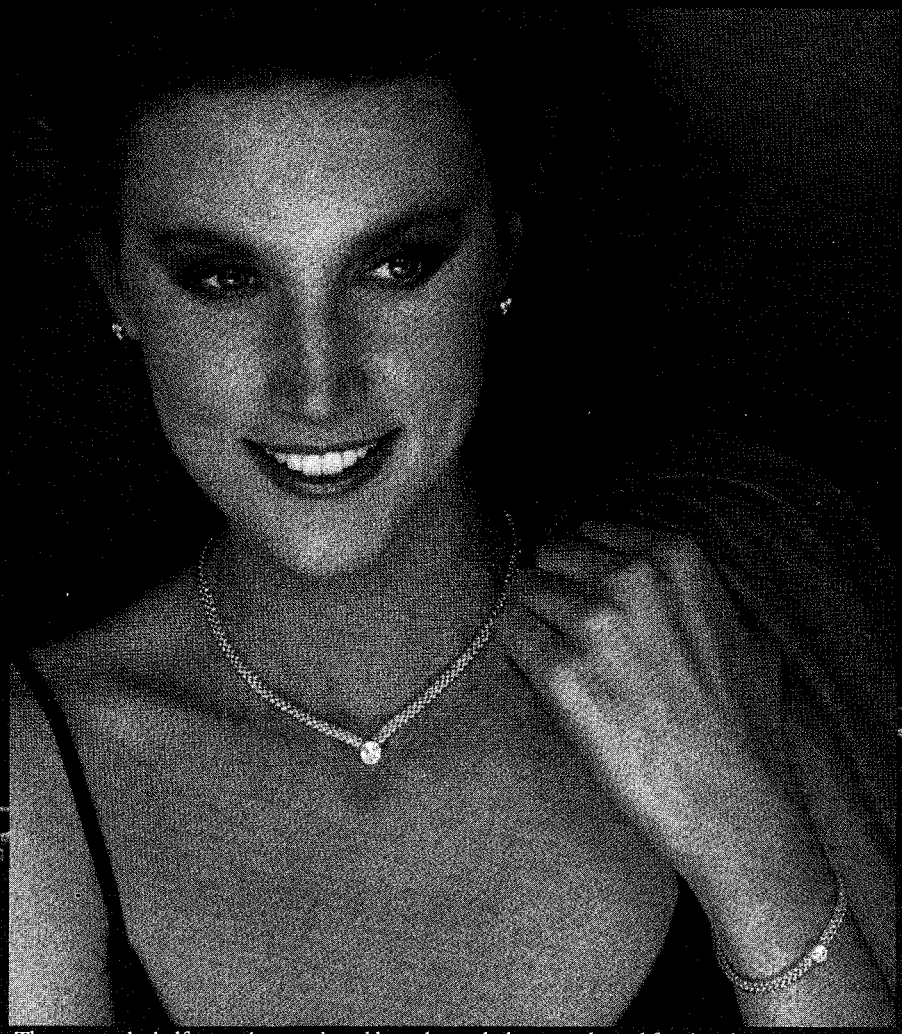

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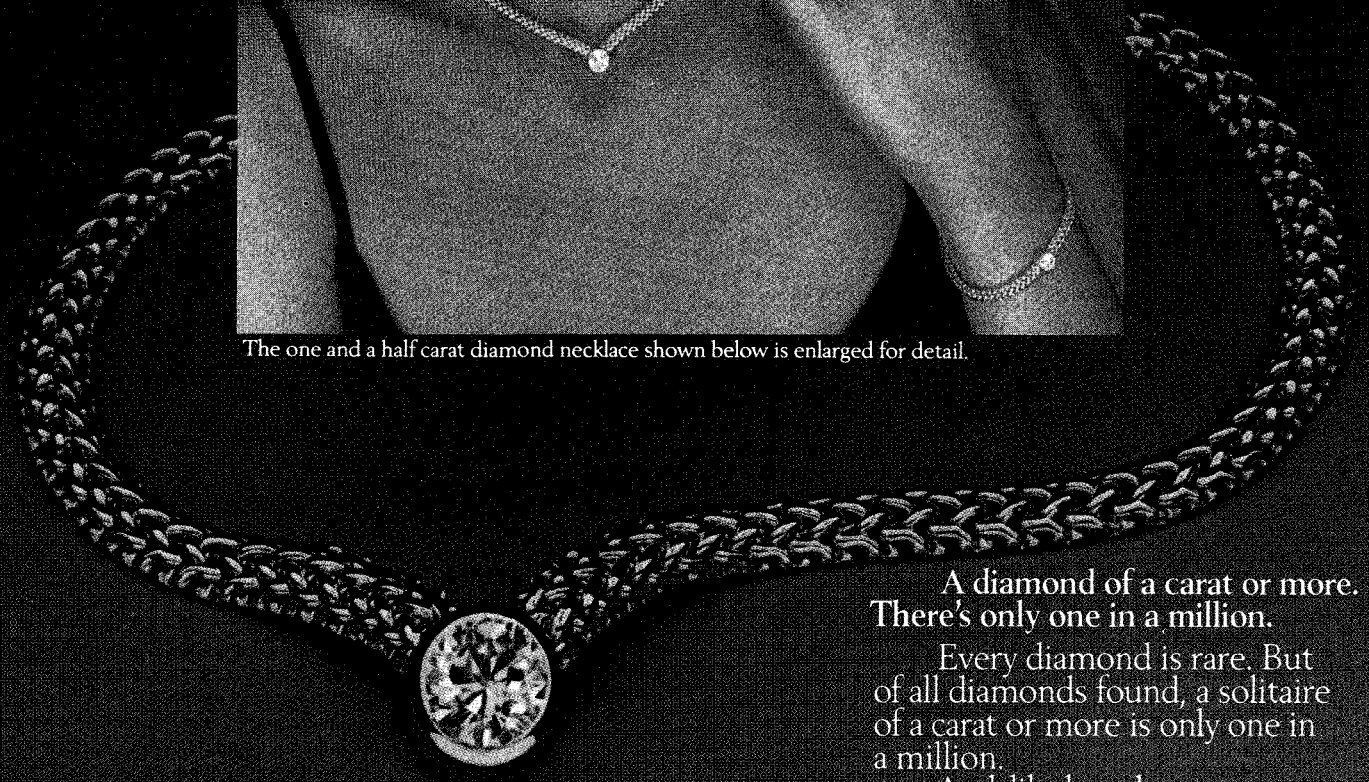

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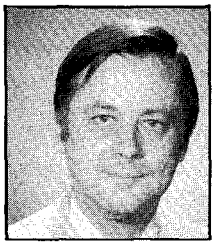

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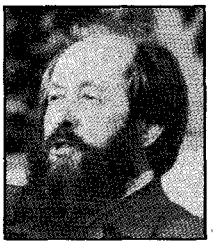

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The Soviet Union Today

28 Communism at the End of the Brezhnev Era
Having ruined Old Russia almost beyond belief, the Soviet regime is now doing its utmost to despoil Asia—and even the Arctic Ocean. The key to understanding the ghastly process is to get rid of any notion that the purpose of the Soviet "economy" is a Benthamite quest for the greatest happiness of the greatest number. It is futile to discuss whether Soviet socialism "works" until one realizes what it is working *for*. The horror is not only the human cost, but the continued willingness of the Communist oligarchy to go on paying it—in lives, in oppression, in disease, in despair, in waste, in irrationality, in crime. *Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn*

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To the dismay of the General Assembly, the American press, and the State Department, she takes her job seriously. *Mary Schwarz*

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Letters

Epiphanymonger

One last hurrah for Malcolm Muggeridge's "Nature Is a Parable" [Dec. 24]. My background in Christianity, let alone Catholicism, is scanty, but as a nineteenth century scholar I can appreciate this "fearful symmetry" that Muggeridge claims reflects man's faith in God in nature, in terms of Carl Jung's symbolic archetypes, omnipresent in the subconscious of mankind. Perhaps I'll have a moment of epiphany yet!

Dudley Raugh
Boston, Mass.

Blooming Banter

It is not that I do not sympathize with Allan Bloom ["Our Listless Universities," Dec. 10]. In education as in anything else, loss of purpose breeds loss of quality, and it is a central, driving purpose that America's universities need most today.

But it is not the only thing they need. Mr. Bloom says in a rather complacent aside that, whatever their other faults, the schools have been "teaching the three Rs." In fact, it is precisely at the level of teaching the fundamentals of our language, as well as our history, system of government, and many other subjects, that the whole educational system has broken down.

Universities today are confronted by vast numbers of students whom the elementary and secondary schools have left largely ignorant of the most basic elements of our civilization. Hence the universities are forced to play catch-up for the better part of four years by offering essentially remedial courses in a wide variety of subjects; by way of compensation, it seems, many of them then decide to ease the pressure on their charges by not demanding much in the way of rigorous thought on more profound matters. The students have little information on which to base their meditations and less ability to articulate their conclusions, so why push them? Not surprisingly, this method is not very successful at producing truly educated minds; but I rather doubt if the way to repair the system is to work from the top down.

Joseph Britt
East Northport, N.Y.

While Mr. Bloom can scarcely be accused of Pollyannaism, I believe he *underestimates*, in one aspect, the depth of the problem of cultural relativism. Many people today (and not only in the younger generation) do indeed, on the surface, "know that there are no absolutes and that one cannot say that one culture is superior to another." But—precisely because, as Mr. Bloom points out later in another context, these people have made no serious acquaintance of the great works of our civilization—they don't actually realize that there *are* other cultures. While priding themselves on their "historical consciousness," they lack historical *knowledge* of what was commonly believed in other centuries and other countries even within the West, let alone the East (although some of them have picked up a few surface trappings of Oriental culture, whose superiority they proclaim with no consciousness of the irony of their position). And in dealing with the people around them, these apostles of "do your own thing" all too often are scornful (or just plain uncomprehending) of someone whose "own thing" involves chastity, or not using drugs, or going to an office and working every day.

Heaven knows other times and places have had their share of cultural snobbery —but at least most of them did not defend it by proclaiming their openness and refusal to make "judgments."

Betty Henderson
Whittier, Calif.

Allan Bloom ends with a splendid observation: "The bleak picture is often relieved by the rays of natural curiosity about a better way: it can happen any time a student confronts a great book." It can also happen any time a student confronts a great essay in NATIONAL REVIEW—e.g., "Our Listless Universities," Russell Kirk's "Conservatism: A Succinct Description" [Sept. 3], even a WFB column on peanut butter.

George F. Wood
Moorestown, N.J.

Who Speaks?

I was heartened by Father Charles Fiore's endorsement ["Letters," Dec. 10] of the main point of my essay ["The Bishops and the Bomb," Oct. 29]: that the bishops don't have any legitimate authority to issue mandates to Catholics on matters of civil or military policy.

As the *Catholic Encyclopedia* says, a pastoral letter can be binding only in the sense that "the faithful ordinarily can and should give an internal assent free from prudent fear of error."

The second draft of the bishops' letter doesn't quite deserve to be a pastoral, because it fails to distinguish between political opinions and moral teachings. Every American Catholic who has duties to perform on behalf of our government should

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If you sit at a desk all day...

How to avoid a POT-BELLY and DOUBLE-CHIN

(or get rid of them for good!)

"It's this damned belly that gives a man his worst troubles . . ."
—Homer, *The Odyssey*, XV, 344 (W. H. D. Rouse translation)

If you have to sit at a desk most of your working life, sooner or later you will get a *pot-belly* (usually sooner) . . . unless you take special care of your *abdominal* muscles.

Even if you are the lean "string-bean" type, you can get that "pot." You don't have to be fat . . . just *flabby-muscled!* And, if you are overweight, dieting (by itself) will not help. *You have to take special exercises to protect your abdominal muscles* . . . and that old idea of touching your toes ten times every morning *won't* correct or prevent that "pot." If anything, this routine may *magnify* it . . . not end it.

What you need (if 6 weeks from now you would like to have a hard flat stomach) are 2 very special exercises . . . one each of two different types . . . isometric and isotonic.

The first of these 2 special exercises is based on a relatively new concept . . . the *isometric* principle. This is a form of *static* exercise in which you pit your own muscles against each other (or an immovable object) for one brief *maximum* effort of a *few seconds* each time.

How a frog's leg started it all

Back in the 1920's, scientists (during some experiments) tied down one leg of a frog to see how soon it would grow weak from lack of exercise. To their astonishment, the frog over a period of several weeks, from straining at the bonds of his immobilized leg, developed it to a point where it was stronger than the free one.

Out of this discovery has grown the *isometric* technique of *static* exercise . . . (for which, incidentally, claims have been made that have not been heard since the days of snake oil).

However, this isometric technique, used for certain *specific* purposes, does a highly effective job . . . and one of these is to help you have a hard flat stomach. But it is *only* one of the 2 special exercises that you need. The other is an *isotonic* exercise called the *"V-sit."*

The *difference* between these two types of exercise is something you should know.

Isotonic (from the Greek) means exercises of *actual* movement. These are the kinds that give you *endurance*.

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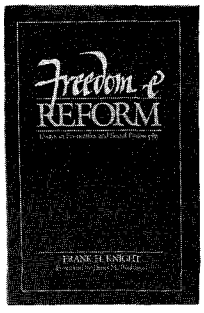

Freedom and Reform
Essays in Economics and Social Philosophy

By Frank H. Knight
Foreword by James M. Buchanan

Fifteen essays, first collected in 1947, treating social, political, economic, and philosophical problems from Frank Knight's characteristic perspective. Professor Knight (1885–1972), author of the economic classic, *Risk, Uncertainty and Profit* (1921), taught economics for many years at the University of Chicago.

In the Foreword Professor James M. Buchanan says of Knight, "He possessed the elementary gumption to stake out his intellectual-moral position unawed by either the 'wisdom of the ages' or the potential censure of his peers in the academy. He was willing to acknowledge his own vulnerability to error, and when he was confused, he was not reluctant to say so." Hardcover $14.00, Paperback $6.50.

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say, as John F. Kennedy said in 1960: "I do not speak for my church on public matters, and the church does not speak for me."

Anthony P. X. Bothwell
Madison, Wis.

Freeze Rhetoric

Congratulations, Mr. Michael Novak, on your column "Assassination Freeze" [Nov. 26]. The Society of Jesus of Central America and Panama tried to radicalize those bishops who were leaning to the left, pushing "Liberation Theology" and a new Jesus—Jesus a rebel, Jesus a revolutionary, a Jesus who is an enemy of the rich and only devoted to the salvation of the poor.

Father Eduardo Pellecer asked the people of El Salvador for forgiveness for the part he had taken as a revolutionary agitator. Monsignor Romero did not have that chance; when he tried to appease the masses that he had agitated it was too late.

Every time Congress has to ratify the aid to El Salvador, the song and dance starts all over again: the parade of accusations of "human-rights violations," the attacks of the terrorists in villages in El Salvador, the burning of buses. All are synchronized with marches in the U.S.A., and all over the world, with banners saying "U.S. out of El Salvador." The Congress of the United States should freeze the propaganda, freeze the rhetoric, and then they will freeze the biggest weapon the terrorists have in El Salvador. The Catholic bishops should follow St. Francis of Assisi's teaching, "Make me a channel of your peace. Where there is hatred, let me sow love . . ." and they will freeze the bloodshed in El Salvador.

Gloria Martinez de Staudt
Los Angeles, Calif.

Cheap Shot

The National Commission on Working Women takes strong exception to an item in your December 10 issue ["The Week"] that was inaccurate and insulting regarding our organization and its research report on the image of working women on television. Most inaccurate were your references to the Commission as an organization funded at taxpayers' expense. Had your reporter done even a little checking, he would have quickly learned that we are privately funded and do not receive a penny of federal money. Such sloppy writing spilled over into his analysis of our research report. His crude remarks were offensive and should have been caught and challenged by your editors. We thought the days of cheap jokes at the expense of women and minority groups were over. Unfortunately, they seem to be alive and well at NATIONAL REVIEW.

Elizabeth Duncan Koontz
Chair, NCWW
Washington, D.C.

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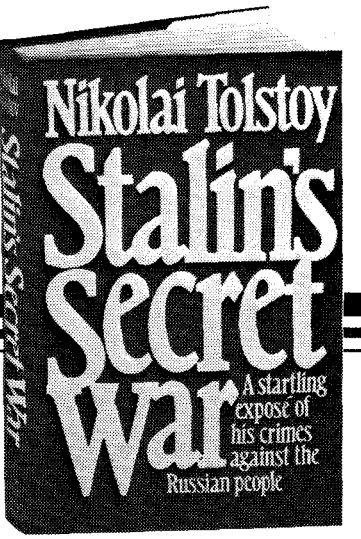
"A STUPENDOUS BOOK"

— Joseph Sobran
National Review



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Mr. Sobran's review explains why:

Liberals forever remind us that the Soviet Union lost twenty million people in World War II. Nikolai Tolstoy (grandnephew of Leo) puts the figure even higher. But he argues that most of them were killed by Stalin himself....

He was incomparably the richest man who ever lived: "Stalin virtually owned the Soviet Union in as absolute a sense as property can acquire." When a dog in the street woke him with its barking, he had dog and master shot. A series of painters who produced insufficiently flattering portraits of him — five-feet-four, scrawny, scrofular — were also shot. While the proletariat was reduced, at times to cannibalism, he had mountains of caviar specially flown to his enormous personal estate, where he watched the American gangster movies he loved....

He drove one wife to suicide, obscenely abused his daughter for wanting to marry a Jew, beat and insulted a son, whom he later allowed to die unransomed in a German prison camp. He delighted in tormenting his highest confederates — including the nominal president of the USSR, Kalinin — in front of foreign dignitaries...

With his own criminal example he encouraged what one trusts was by far the most brutal period of violence in human history. Even *The Gulag Archipelago* hardly prepares one for this. One example will convey the tone: a man who would not "confess" to Trotskyist activities even after castration was forced to watch his pregnant wife beaten until she delivered a stillborn child. Such things were done thousands upon thousands of times, year after year after year. Special instruments of torture were apparently mass-produced, one for squeezing the skull, another for the testicles, and so forth, though interrogators were permitted to use broken bottles, ice picks, or whatever other conventional tools appealed to them....

There was apparently only one foreign head of state Stalin really trusted. He was paralyzed with shock and incredulity when Adolf Hitler broke his word by attacking Russia. For days he could barely compose himself sufficiently to order the usual potential enemies shipped off to labor camps; but eventually he did, even when he couldn't formulate a battle plan against the Germans.

It was always the domestic enemy he feared most: the kind of wartime revolt that had toppled Kerensky. Stalin did indeed make unremitting war on his own people; he never really understood why they didn't fight back, and he was amazed at the patriotism that drove them to fight for Russia, despite everything, when Hitler invaded.

Instead of returning the favor, he stepped up his pre-emptive purges all the while his people were saving his skin. It is wickedness of an astounding degree. This book makes *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich* seem like Restoration comedy.

Tolstoy, who is worthy to inherit the name, interprets the slaughter of the Polish officers in the Katyn Forest as one of Stalin's attempts to forestall domestic revolt: the officers might have given potential rebels in the western part of the Soviet Union the leadership they needed, igniting a general uprising.

Just before his death Stalin was contemplating an invasion of Western Europe.

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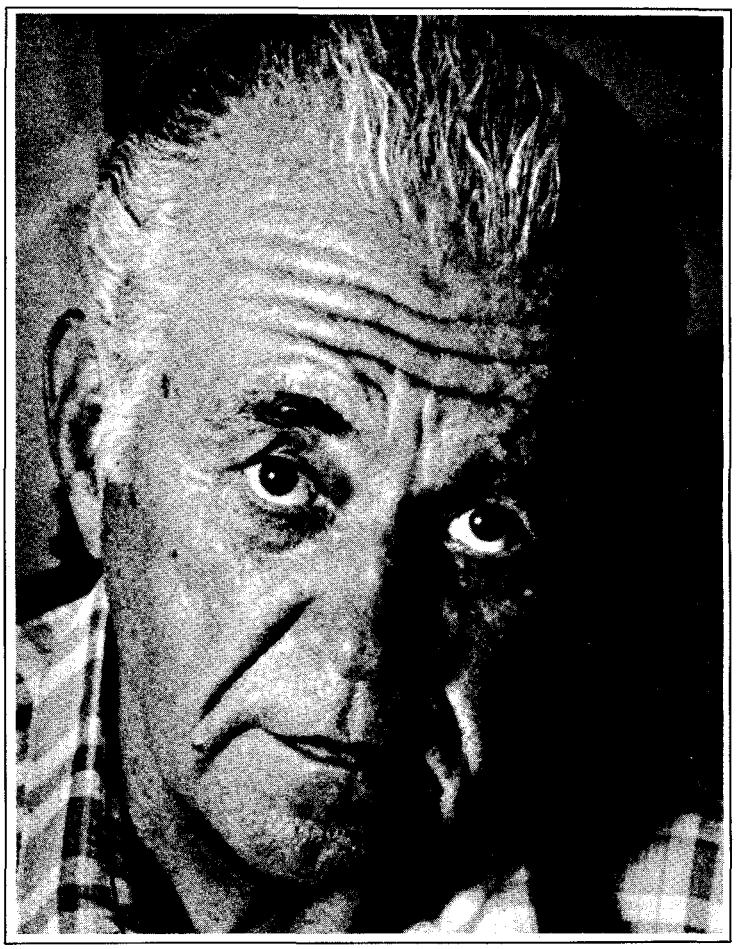
UNEMPLOYED... THANKS TO HIS UNION



For Mac McConnell, these have not been the golden years. At age 66, he suffers from high blood pressure, has been unemployed since 1978 and is deprived of a pension earned by years of back-breaking work.

But that's only part of his ordeal that has included attacks on his home and car, eight slashed tires and fleeing for his life down a Colorado highway, pursued by three cars that nearly drove him off the road.

Mac paid the price. His crime was his family's need for his pension. His judge and jury were union bosses who condemned one brave man who refused to go along with their plans.

In 1977, Mac was a steelworker in Colorado's Gardner-Denver plant. When union bosses ordered a strike, Mac had to obey or risk stiff union fines and discipline.

But Mac was trapped when the company announced that anyone who didn't return to work would lose his job. Mac had only a year and a half to work before he could collect his pension, so he resigned from the union and returned to his job. A month later, the strike ended, the company rehired many strikers, and Mac's ordeal began.

Threatening phone calls and verbal abuse were only the beginning of a reign of terror that lasted almost a year. Mac and a handful of co-workers who wanted to save their jobs found their machinery vandalized. Windows in Mac's home were shot out, and a colleague found her car ashtray loaded with explosives.

By mid-1978, Mac was understandably a physical and emotional wreck. In desperation, he finally quit his job. He was later hired at another plant, but the harassment followed him. Within a few weeks he was forced to leave his job, just months short of receiving his pension. He was deprived of his health and life insurance and part of his Social Security benefits. He has been unemployed ever since.

But Mac didn't give up: "I feel it's time for people to stand up and be heard. As a veteran, I've done it once and I can do it again. I have a moral and religious obligation to fight for what I think is right, or to fight against what I think is wrong."

Mac wrote the National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation. We accepted his case and are fighting for $650,000 in damages from the United Steelworkers for intentionally inflicting emotional distress and deliberately interfering with his employment.

We're helping Mac and everyone else we can. Currently, the National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation is supporting 250 cases across the country, involving union violence, illegal union political spending, academic and political freedom, and other basic employee rights.

If you think people like Mac McConnell ought to be heard, write us. We'd like to hear from you, and so would Mac McConnell.

National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation
Dept. NR
8001 Braddock Road
Springfield, VA 22160

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Missing the Point

Although your news commentaries are usually basically sound, you have missed the mark in your critique of professional boxing ["Abolish Boxing?" Dec. 10]. Ray Mancini's lethal punch was not a "force of nature." Despite his own protestation that "I didn't intend to hurt him," that is exactly what he and every other prize fighter intend. Admittedly, he did not intend to kill him, but the whole object of prize fighting is to pound one's opponent to insensibility.

While it is true that prize fighting is valued by the economically deprived as a means of upward mobility, this cannot justify the inherent viciousness of the sport. Comparing prize fighting with other sports to show that they have more casualties ignores the morality of the issue. Mountain climbing may be very dangerous even for those who have learned the requisite skills, but the *purpose* of mountain climbing is to climb up and climb down while keeping one's physique intact. Even contact sports need not be overly dangerous, although they can be perverted so as to deliberately injure players, as is reported to be the case with professional football and hockey. In every sport there is danger of *accidental* injury, but only in prize fighting must the contestants intend to administer the knockout punch.

However, if prize fighting is inherently wrong, the same need not be true for boxing. Boxing can mean sparring—in other words, delivering punches in a manner that is not calculated to seriously injure one's opponent. Such matches can be scored in the same fashion as fencing matches are scored, where the opponents use their foils to display their skill but not to injure. It is true that this type of match is less exciting and would never have the appeal to fill Madison Square Garden. But should popular appeal be the overriding factor? If it were, the fencers could have patterned their sport after prize fighting; and do not believe there are not those among the prize-fight enthusiasts who would pay to see a pair of expert swordsmen run each other through.

Louis V. Caso
Philadelphia, Pa.

Media Masks

Your editorial entitled "The Freeze" [Nov. 12] omitted one important aspect. Insofar as attention is directed toward this "idea that is simple, but wrong," the focus of the media and public opinion is diverted from real crises that truly warrant public awareness, e.g., the Soviets' chemical attacks in Afghanistan.

Moscow's support of a nuclear freeze in the U.S. is an ingenious tactic. Not only is there an ever-increasing clamor for reducing America's nuclear deterrent strength, but, also, the clamor effectively masks the screams of the Kremlin's victims in Afghanistan, Poland, and Central America. Thus, both the means and the ends of the freeze movement serve Moscow's interests.

Samuel R. Lewis
Alexandria, Va.

Many Thanks

Congratulations to law student Mona Charen for her splendid article regarding the work of the Washington Legal Foundation ["Going Courting in Washington," Dec. 10]. She handled a complex subject immaculately. Only one thing is missing: the Foundation's address.

Carlton Gladder
Spokane, Wash.

The Washington Legal Foundation is located at: 1612 K Street, N.W., Suite 502, Washington, D.C. 20006; telephone 202-857-0240. —SBS

Juxtaposition

I can no longer delay writing to congratulate your publication and the individual who laid out facing pages 1428 and 1429 of your November 12 issue. It may have been pure happenstance or exquisite planning that the articles on those pages are headed, respectively and prominently, "Honorable Discharges" [Thomas Mallon] and "The Nobel Sperm Bank" [D. Keith Mano].

Walter Meyer
Brooklyn, N.Y.

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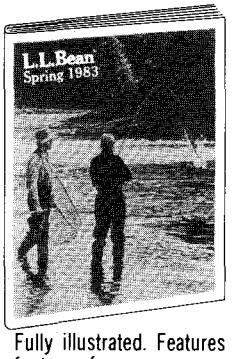

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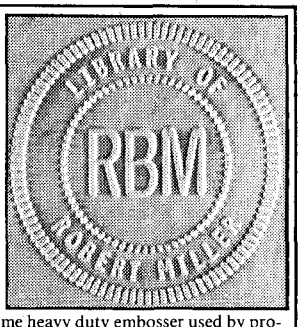

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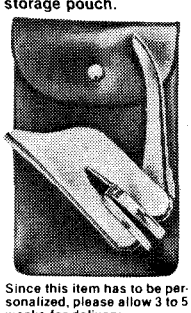

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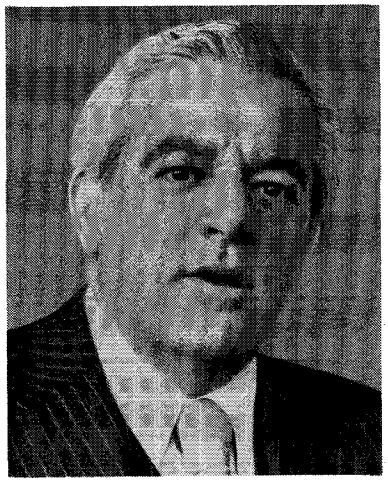

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FOR THE RECORD

■ The question is: Did the House Democrats win one or lose one when they barred Rep. **Phil Gramm**, the maverick Boll Weevil from Texas, from the Budget Committee? Gramm's response was to change parties, resign, and announce he would run for his own seat in a special by-election, having weeks ago sent pollster **Lance Tarrance** to Texas to see if he could win there as a Republican. Now the Democrats are saying the move against Gramm wasn't "punitive." Says Majority Leader **Jim Wright**, also from Texas, "denying a person a reward [service on the Budget Committee] is not a punishment"—to *give* him such an assignment "is a prize, a plum, a leadership position." . . . That's not what they were saying last month when Rep. **Gillis Long** (La.), chairman of the Democratic Caucus, told the *New York Times* that "[punishing Gramm] would vividly portray the fact that we're serious about this business" of enforcing some measure of party discipline. . . . The Democrats then turned around and reappointed another prominent Boll Weevil, **Sonny Montgomery** (Miss.), chairman of the Veterans' Affairs Committee. Montgomery and Gramm, according to Public Citizen, **Ralph Nader**'s legislative watch group, voted the same way—which is to say wrong—on 12 key votes. I.e., what the Democrats are doing is making an example out of Gramm. . . . Republicans on the Hill, meanwhile, are jubilant, plan to hold an open committee spot on Budget for Gramm when, as expected, he returns. Back in Texas no one seems eager to take him on. . . . While ousting Gramm from Budget, **Tip** and Co. also managed to appoint liberal Democrats to that key committee.

■ *Good Housekeeping* is about to follow *Reader's Digest* in black books of the media elite. Its annual poll of the most admired men puts **Ronald Reagan** first, followed, in order, by **Jerry Falwell**, **Billy Graham**, Pope **John Paul II**. Among women: **Mother Teresa**, **Princess Di**, **Nancy Reagan**, **Pat Nixon**, and **Phyllis Schlafly**—enough to make any good liberal weep, which is what **Arthur Schlesinger Jr.** is still doing over Teddy's withdrawal from '84 race. "His withdrawal leaves the country without the all-out challenge to Reaganism that the miserable state of our affairs demands. . . . Unless some of the remaining Democratic contenders rise to the occasion, one has the dismal foreboding that, even if Mr. Reagan retires or loses, Reaganism in some sense will remain triumphant." . . . The field is off and running: **Walter Mondale** and **Reubin Askew** have authorized the formation of campaign committees—which means that monies collected will be matched by the Treasury down the line; **John Glenn** is expected to do the same any day now.

Cookson, *Punch* Rothco

"Mr. President, sir. This is Señor Costillares. He pulls your strings."

■ Political analyst **Kevin Phillips**, often a gloomy Gus about Reagan, feels that at mid-term the Prez is doing all right. There has been virtually no drop in Reagan's popularity since late 1981, Phillips points out, despite "appalling economic deterioration." Reagan's big drop, from a 60 per cent approval rating to the 45 to 50 per cent level (where it still stands), came at the end of 1981, when it was apparent that "Reaganomics was no instant solution."

■ Some good news: Though you'd never know it from the dismal Xmas season coverage on television (food lines, cold homes, factory closings), Americans as individuals responded to needs of their neighbors in 1982 as never before, giving a whopping $49 billion to charity, an increase of 10 per cent over the year before, according to **Fred Schnaus** of the American Association of Fund Raising. . . . They also left government employ in record numbers. **Donald Devine**, of Office of Personnel Management, says the federal bureaucracy has been trimmed by 67,000 since a year ago. . . . And a puzzled Dr. **James Hedlund** of the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration reports that traffic deaths in 1982 were down five thousand from a year earlier—why, he doesn't know. . . . A boo-boo on the part of this column: The movie *Who Dares Win*, starring **Richard Widmark**, is not, as reported here (Dec. 24, 1982), a **Phil Agee** apologia but an anti-terrorist, pro-national-security vehicle, which should, among other things, help fight the freeze movement. . . . Anent which, the latest slogan, courtesy of Missouri Conservative Union, is: "Freeze Now, Fry Later."

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THE WEEK

■ Secretary of Interior James Watt is in deep trouble after declaring Chappaquiddick a wilderness area, off limits to joy riders.

■ In its expiring moments, the 97th Congress lopped another $18 billion or so off the Reagan Administration's already reduced military appropriations requests. The net figure—$232 billion—represents a marginal real-dollar increase over levels implicit in the Carter Administration's final projection for FY 1983. The bites include reductions of $3 billion for personnel; $4 billion for operations and maintenance; $9.5 billion for procurement; and $1.7 billion for research, development, testing, and evaluation. MX and Pershing II production (both of them funded in Carter times) were cut, but the A-10 aircraft program was spared, thanks, perhaps, to its being produced in the home district of the chairman of the pertinent House subcommittee, Representative Joseph P. Addabbo. The big question concerning the Administration's upcoming requests for FY 1983 is whether they will be subjected to even more drastic piecemeal cutting by an even more deficient Congress.

■ Tales of the Legal Services Corporation, Cont'd. (see page 36): At the behest of Senator Weicker, Congress has amended the relevant continuing resolution to provide that funding for the Legal Services Corporation be allocated in 1983 as it was in 1982. In plain English: any client with his snout already in the trough may stay there; left-wing pressure groups that have hooked themselves onto a federal life-support system will keep pressuring away; class-action suits will continue, *in saecula saeculorum*. And let's not hear any huffing and puffing from the *Washington Post*, et al., the next time a conservative congressman proposes to bring some division of the executive to heel by using the power of the purse.

■ Since 1974, when he found that schools in predominantly white Boston neighborhoods had predominantly white student bodies, Federal District Court Judge W. Arthur Garrity Jr. has been laboring diligently to bring racial homogeneity to Boston's public school system. No detail was too small to escape his scrutiny, not the routes school buses took, nor the kinds of basketballs the schools purchased. Well, eight years and some four hundred rulings later, Judge Garrity has decided to relinquish control, not to the officials of the Boston school system—that would be atavism—but to the state Board of Education and its commissioner. However, Judge Garrity has thoughtfully reduced the size of this added burden. When he first assumed his role as overseer, public school enrollment stood at 95,000; now it's a much more compact 57,200. But perhaps Garrity's greatest feat is the racial transformation of the school system. In the wicked pre-Garrity days, Boston schools were 70 per cent white; now they are 70 per cent non-white. Quite an accomplishment in a city that is 70 per cent white.

■ Back in 1931, *The World Tomorrow* polled American clergymen, asking for their opinions on the military obligations of citizens. The results were what you would expect today. The editors then asked General Douglas MacArthur, Chief of Staff, to comment. His answer was what we need today. "I am surprised that men of clear and logical minds confuse defensive warfare with the disease which it alone can cure when all other remedies have failed. Do they not know that police systems and armed national defense are the human agencies made necessary by the deep-seated disease of individual depravity? It is a distinct disappointment to know that men who are called to wield the sword of the spirit are deluded into believing that the mechanical expedient of disarming men will transform hatred into love and selfishness into altruism. . . . Magna Charta, the Declaration of Independence, the Emancipation, the rights of small nations, and other birthrights of this generation have been bought with the high price of human suffering and human sacrifice, much of it on the fields of battle. Perhaps the greatest privilege of our country, which indeed was the genius of its foundation, is religious freedom. Religious freedom, however, can exist only so long as government survives. To render our country helpless would invite destruction, not only of our political and economic freedom, but also of our religion."

■ We have our doubts about Andropov's arms-reduction proposal. But why haven't those who think it's the real thing offered their congratulations to Ronald Reagan? The Catholic bishops, in particular, would seem to owe him an apology. At a moment of intense debate and deep public confusion, the bishops weighed in for a freeze, urged the United States to make the first move in nuclear arms reduction, and called for negotiations. Step three, by clear implication, was connected to steps one and two: no freeze or American initiative, no talks. And yet, suddenly, without any of the bishops' conditions being fulfilled, here is Andropov with an offer, about which he clearly wishes to talk. Nor can the bishops plead ignorance. They surely remember the time, only a decade ago, when the Senate was debating the merits of developing an ABM system, for which the Nixon Administration sought funds, and which the doves wanted to forgo. By one vote, ABM passed. Shortly thereafter,

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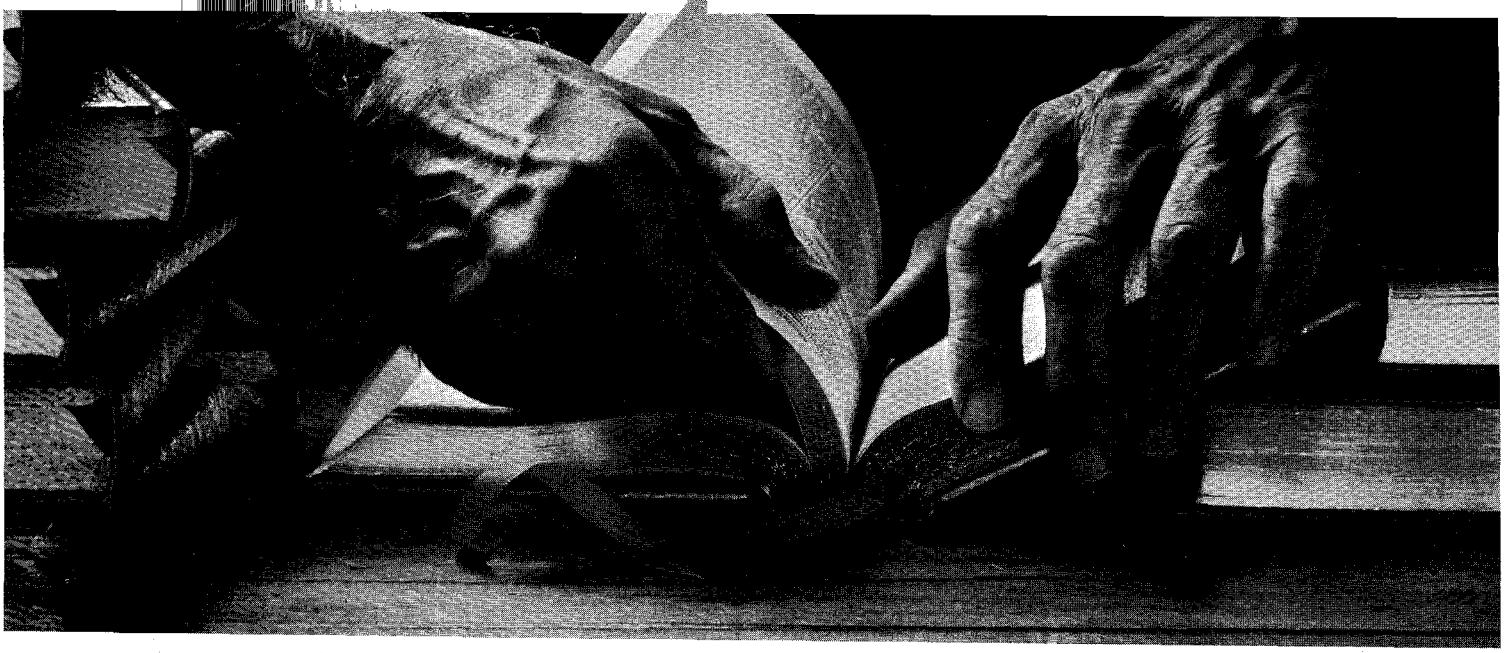

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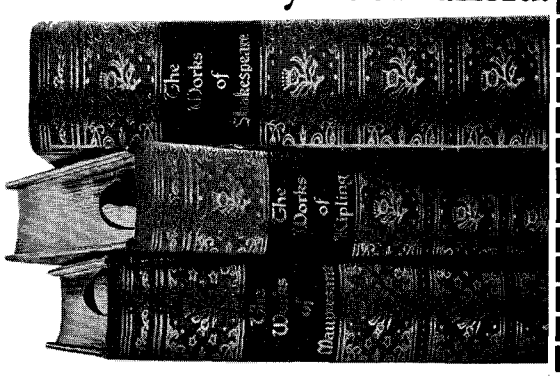

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

The most innovative ideas on both the politics and the economics of the worrisome 1983 budget are coming not from the White House, but from the Hill, and not from the Senate, but from the House. On Monday, January 3, the Administration's economic gurus—Messrs. Regan, Feldstein, Stockman, and Shultz—met in the White House with the President. There was much hand-wringing over the size of the deficits projected for the "outyears": '85, '86, and '87. In fact, the gurus concluded that the deficits are so horrific that, if they are not reduced, long-term interest rates will be queered for an indefinite period and that in turn will queer the recovery. But there are only two ways of reducing deficits: cut spending or raise taxes, neither of which is politically acceptable. What to do? Not to worry. Enter Newt's Turks.

Right after this brainstorming with the White House gurus, the President met with 11 Republican House members, including the leadership, viz., Bob Michel, Minority Leader; Trent Lott, Whip; and Jack Kemp, Conference Chairman. Also present, at least for part of the meeting, were George Bush, Ed Meese, Donald Regan, David Stockman, David Gergen, Caspar Weinberger, and legislative aide Ken Duberstein. The GOP House leadership had insisted on holding the meeting, telling the President that a broad range of his allies wanted to tell him that he is in big trouble and to offer a way out.

Their solution? The President, they said, should support a two-year freeze on all domestic spending across the board —including defense and entitlements. No way, they said, would the 98th Congress pass domestic spending cuts of $25 billion, as the President had been considering, and if he came to them with that bucket of political acid, even though they were his allies, none of them would touch it. There would be no question of meeting Mr. Reagan halfway on such cuts: they would simply walk away from him. After ninety minutes, the President was sobered, indeed shaken.

The group was headed by Newt Gingrich of Georgia (hence "Newt's Turks") and included Richard Cheney (Wyo.), Robert Walker (Pa.), John Hiler (Ind.), Hal Daub (Neb.), Vin Weber (Minn.), Judd Gregg (N.H.), and Henson Moore (La.). The Turks stressed that the concept of a freeze, even the word itself, had built-in plusses, principally that it shifts the burden away from conservative *cuts* in spending, to liberal *increases*—psychologically important in selling it to the people, it being less unpalatable to endure a freezing of your income than a cutting of it.

The President liked what he heard from the Turks—except the extension of the freeze into the Pentagon. Mr. Reagan observed that he wished to keep his military build-up program intact. Whereupon the Turks advised him that he and his people are curiously blind to the degree of trouble they are in. On the Hill, there is widespread and serious disillusionment with Cap Weinberger—one Turk described it as "incipient revolt"—and hardline Republicans share this view. The Turks emphasized that the Defense Department has got to be reformed, that everything that Ronald Reagan claimed about the evils of bureaucracy is ineluctably applicable to the Pentagon.

It was at this point that the President showed signs of capitulation. The Turks are Reagan allies all, but they kept hammering away at the fact that if the President came to them looking for support for a defense budget that had not been revised downward, he would find himself standing alone.

The budget freeze idea is not new. Republican Denny Smith (Ore.) proposed the freeze concept to the President last year, the only difference being that Smith's freeze was for one year, and the Turks' is for two. Senator Ernest Hollings (D., S.C.) also proposed a freeze last year, and several Republicans said then that his proposal was closer to a real resolution of the deficit dilemma than anything the GOP had advanced.

Could the President get a budget freeze through Congress? Hill-watchers say yes, for the reasons cited above, and because Tip is under such pressure to come up looking like a winner this year. He now has the "working majority" in the House that he had been whining for. As undisputed manager of the store, he cannot afford to let it go bankrupt. Nor can he unload the blame on the President this time around, the House being under his one-hundred-seat-majority control. Tip's problems with the membership are as real and serious as Dutch's.

At the meeting, not all the Gingrich Turks voiced support for the freeze, but a large majority did. The leadership played it cool, not wishing to let the President think (or the press possibly allege) that they were rubber-hosing him. But it was clear, since they had demanded the get-together, that the leadership wanted at least to soften Mr. Reagan up. The betting now is that the President will go the freeze route, and with the zany, zigzag map of today's economy/politics, it will prove to be an inspired direction. —CATO

---

the Soviets negotiated a treaty, in effect banning the weapon. Episcopal telegrams may be addressed to The President, The White House.

■ President François Mitterrand of France may be squishy soft when it comes to the Third World, but Communism he understands. He lost to Giscard d'Estaing in the 1974 presidential election by the narrowest of margins (50.8 to 49.2 per cent) because his Communist allies double-crossed him. He's not ready to place France's future at the mercy of Moscow and has announced that no matter what the superpowers agree to in Geneva, France will not "reduce [its nuclear strike force] by a single missile." He has given the orders to increase the *force de frappe*, to start work on another (the seventh) nuclear submarine, and to get France's already-tested neutron bomb ready for production whenever he gives the word. The installation of Soviet SS-20s, which are capable of destroying every major military installation on the European continent, said M. Mitterrand in a New Year's address, represents a "dangerous wrenching of the balance of power in Europe."

■ We begin the new year with perhaps the single best piece of news we have ever reported, and just when everything was looking bleakest. Australian researchers have discovered that government paper can be detoxified and turned into nourishing sheep food. Moreover, the government paper was found to be significantly

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more nourishing for the sheep than detoxified newspapers. Imagine! All those useless government files, forms, dossiers, regulations, reports, studies, tax manuals, and millions of obsolete laws can actually be made to benefit society. March a herd of sheep into the Interstate Commerce Commission and deregulate at a profit. Let sheep graze in the Bureau of Engraving and be done with paper-money inflation. The IRS alone can probably produce enough wool for the whole country. *Agnus Dei*, it boggles the mind.

■ Misery index (combined rates of inflation and unemployment) when Ronald Reagan took office: 19.8. Misery index today: 15.8. What are Tip and the gang griping about? They sound like a bunch of old lechers demanding an instant cure for herpes.

Kremlin Papers

Memo to: Comrade Andropov, Chairman
From: Comrade Arbatov, U.S.A. Desk
Re: Pope Assassination

1. In the short run, I am sorry to report, damage control is failing.

2. Agca was supposed to die in St. Peter's Square, cut down by bullets from Italian security forces. He believed that his escape was to be facilitated by two of our agents, who would create a disturbance immediately after he fired at the Pope. The real plan, as you know, was for them to duck out, leaving Agca on the pavement. Unfortunately, they were photographed boarding a bus just before the shooting. The Turk, need I add, lives.

3. The Italians are being very difficult. Agca is talking not because he wants to—his information is his only remaining asset—but because the Italians informed him that they could not afford to continue keeping him in solitary confinement and planned to place him in among the general prison population: a certain death sentence. Judge Martella of Rome, who, unfortunately, has no personal vulnerabilities to attack, is issuing warrants for Bulgarian agents. Comrade Antonov is already in custody. The Italian defense minister has accused Bulgaria of an "act of war." The Moro and Dozier cases are coming unglued, and the Turks have reopened their investigation into Agca.

4. For reasons not parallel to ours, major Western media had tried initially to downplay the Pope affair. The *Washington Post* ran a feature by a Rand Corporation fascist explaining that the whole matter was an embarrassment to East-West relations. The *New York Times* ran a major editorial offering contradictory explanations, even comparing you to Henry II, who may or may not have ordered the killing of Thomas à Becket, and suggesting that the KGB may have acted autonomously. We both know, of course, what a free-wheeling organization the KGB is!

But it is not working. After the initial article by Claire Sterling in the fascist *Reader's Digest*, NBC-TV ran a Marvin Kalb news special tracing Agca to us. Now the thing is on the cover of *Newsweek* and a feature article in *Time*. At this level, it is no longer containable.

5. The story will, at least in the short run, weaken the Peace Forces in Latin America, where, in any case, the reports from Guatemala and El Salvador are negative.

6. Socialist parties in Italy, France, and Spain are using the Pope story to gain politically at the expense of our parties.

7. Nevertheless, Comrade Andropov, I do not need to tell you to think dialectically. What is negative in thesis can be positive in antithesis, or, to use a bourgeois idiom—remember, I am your American specialist—what you lose on the curves you make up on the straightaway.

The Pope has learned a hard lesson, not only about his personal security and the limits of our tolerance of his behavior, but about our attitude toward the Catholic populations of our European empire. If he and his advisors had any illusions before, they have none now. Back home in Poland, Solidarity has been crushed—thanks to your brilliant maneuvers—and old Archbishop Glemp has been silent. In fact, to have had the Pope shot but *not* killed may have been the best possible outcome.

I note that, unrebuked by Rome, the American Catholic bishops are solidly behind the Peace Forces.

8. In our judgment, a symmetrical attempt upon the life of the Soviet equivalent of the Pope can be excluded, but we will triple your security. We also advise that you not vacation in the countryside or at the Black Sea this spring.

9. Conclusion: Hang tough on this one, Comrade Andropov. Stonewall it. Deny everything. After all, you cannot be impeached.

On balance, and though Agca should have died, and though some Bulgarians will die for sure, this was a very successful operation.

Boom Time?

By the time a recession has clearly and unambiguously bottomed out, recovery has usually proceeded so far that it is time for the first wave of doomsaying about the next recession. To a large extent this is caused by the nature of the statistical problem: some indicators lead or lag by so much as to be practically countercyclical, and others are available with any accuracy only months after the fact. The constant mix of sig-

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nals does, however, allow pundits to make the transition *glissando* from, When will the recession ever end? to, Is the recovery over?

To judge by the leading indicators, which have risen in seven of the past eight months, the economy is pulling out of its slump. Housing starts have almost doubled from their cyclical low, making up three-quarters of their lost ground. New-home sales are at a two-year high. Perhaps most impressive, the inventory of unsold homes—which serves as a drag on the homebuilding industry—is at an 11-year low. New unemployment claims are down, and help-wanted ads are up.

The next few months will represent the last big temptation to reflate under cover of stimulating the economy. If Congress can resist the last-ditch jobs bills it will be offered—both the "Republican" bills to shovel money out the backs of trucks, and the "Democratic" bills to drop money from airplanes while in flight—the danger will be largely past. At that point, Reaganomics will have pulled off the most important economic feat in two decades—cutting inflation and interest rates by nine or ten points, and then achieving economic recovery—at just the moment when it is finally dismissed in the press as an "intellectual failure."

The Art of the Filibuster

"The Senator is aware that there are those who believe that he has singlehandedly obstructed and delayed the Senate's business. He is unmoved. His constituents did not send him to Washington to turn his back on what he regards as legislative disasters, he said. 'Everybody would like to be loved,' he added, 'but sometimes the price is too high.'"

Thus the *New York Times* explains, lovingly, the Senator's filibuster during the special lame-duck session of Congress. The Senator being—Jesse Helms? Not on your life. Howard Metzenbaum, the hyperliberal from Ohio.

Likewise when Lowell Weicker announces a filibuster (unless he *does* announce it, nobody knows whether he's filibustering or not), the news pages, editorials, and columns teem with references to Courage, Conscience, Compassion . . . code-words for Approved Attitudes.

And Jesse Helms? For our money, he has shown more courage, conscience, and compassion—in the plain English sense of those abused words—than the lot of them.

The Not So Mysterious Fed

Financial reporters nowadays seem to be having a hard time interpreting the moves of that ever-secretive institution, the Federal Reserve System. Not so long ago, all one had to do was to keep a sharp eye on the Friday afternoon release of the so-called money-supply figures, especially M1, which consists of currency and checkable deposits. If this figure fell it was a sign that the Fed was tightening up on credit; this portended higher interest rates, and was bad news for the bond market. If, on the other hand, the money supply surged, this meant more inflation ahead and was also bad news for interest rates and bond prices. The poor old Fed was locked into its money-supply targets as given to Congress and couldn't bring interest rates down even if it wanted to.

But then came Chairman Volcker's announcement in early October that henceforward the Fed was going to pay less attention to money-supply figures, which had been knocked out of kilter anyway by the cashing in of All Savers Certificates. Immediately, many commentators came to the conclusion that the Fed had thrown caution to the winds and had adopted a whole new policy for stimulating the economy come what may. There are two things wrong with this theory. In the first place, the sharp fall in interest rates last summer, which sparked a recovery in bond and equity prices, came well before Mr. Volcker's announcement of a potential change in Fed policy. In the second place, one of the best indicators of what the Fed is doing—namely, Federal Reserve Credit—showed no marked change last August or during the fall, when security markets had a second spurt. Since January it has bopped about, sometimes rising and sometimes falling, which is normal. In the first three quarters of 1982 it increased at an annual rate of 7.8 per cent, a little higher than 1981 but no blast-off.

What then explains the welcome fall in interest rates? We think that too much attention is being paid to recent maneuvers of the Fed and far too little to its long-term policy of cautiously restraining the severity of the present recession, which practically no one anticipated. Since President Reagan took office the rate of inflation in the economy has slowed from about 12 per cent to 5 or 6 per cent—a 50 per cent decline. In this disinflationary atmosphere, lenders of money have no need to charge a large inflation premium, and borrowers find no reason to pay it. In-

Let the Candidates Contend

Let Cranston (*splat!*) try Medicare
While (*umph!*) Fritz Mondale (*pow!*)
Addresses (*ouch!*) the older folks
On (*yech!*) reductions, now.
Invite (*oy, veh!*) that smoothie, Hart,
To (*zonk!*) discuss defense,
As Glenn (*crash!*) handles taxes while
(*Yow!*) straddling the fence.

W. H. VON DREELE

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terest rates fell because financial markets finally recognized that the conquest of inflation was probably for real. Simple, my dear Watson, but then Holmes always favored simple explanations of his little mysteries.

Approaching Fusion

For a twentieth of a second somewhere during 3:06 A.M. on December 24—a day before Christmas, two days after the winter solstice—a fusion test reactor at Princeton University formed a hydrogen plasma, a soup of free-floating electrons and ions that is a necessary condition for a controllable fusion reaction. The Princeton machine is a Tokamak—a Russian acronym for a Russian design (Andrei Sakharov helped to imagine it)—which confines superheated atoms in a doughnut-shaped orbit formed by intersecting magnetic fields. American scientists are also working on designs using cylindrical fields and lasers. By 1985, the Tokamak's handlers hope to cause the plasma to fuse; the year after, they aim to reach the "breaking point" —a fusion reaction generating as much energy as was used to produce it. A prototype of a commercial fusion power plant should arrive with the next century.

The press seemed pleased by the prospect. Words like "success" and "advance" formed the staple of headlines. One columnist, glancing at the calendar, even brought in the Star of Bethlehem. Surprising, considering the usual attitude in those parts toward technological and scientific achievements. Surprising —but still ignorant. Nuclear fission—the one form of nuclear power that will be actually available for the next few decades—continued to get the usual Luddite kicks in the head. "A fusion power plant," noted the *Wall Street Journal*, "would theoretically be much safer than present atomic power plants." Implying, naturally, that *they* are deadly dangerous. Fusion "leaves behind virtually no dangerous waste that could poison the soil," wrote the *New York Daily News*. And yes, "fusion reactors could not become Three Mile Islands." True, TMI led, and leads, to deaths—fifty a year, according to Petr Beckmann, the energy expert. But they have been caused by the alternative power sources (chiefly coal) to which the utilities have been forced, by public panic and official cowardice following TMI, to turn. To say nothing of obtuse reporting. Fusion, a still-distant technology, is still unscathed. Give it time.

The current step forward in fusion technology, meanwhile, underscores a point so eloquently made by George Gilder and others: that the ultimate resource is mind and not finite matter. Mind created, for example, the uses of petroleum; those dead dinosaurs did not create it. Mind, at Princeton and elsewhere, is moving into hydrogen fusion. Organs. Lasers. Genes. Mind. Limits are bunk.

Supplementary Reading

As clerics clamor for a freeze,
It's clear from many indices
They've overstepped.
Before we follow where they lead,
Their worships really ought to read
At Dawn We Slept.

W. H. VON DREELE

Then Russians Would Ride

The CIA's new study of Soviet economic power, released by the Joint Economic Committee of Congress in late December, tells us little new. It does, however, confirm that Moscow has some grave ongoing problems, notably a steadily declining growth rate. Industrial production grew by a whopping 9.4 per cent during the 1950s, the CIA says, a period when the USSR was still enjoying the effects of war recovery and looting the occasional Eastern European factory. From then on it got worse: 6.3 per cent from 1960 to 1975, and 3.5 per cent from 1976 to 1980. Consumer income has lagged behind: 4.2 per cent in the 1950s, 3.8 per cent in the 1960s, and only 2.5 per cent in the 1970s. Agriculture fared even worse: a 3 per cent growth rate overall, but just 0.9 per cent in the 1970s. Grain production actually dropped by 0.3 per cent a year in the 1970s.

The study has been praised as the first to evaluate Soviet economic performance using exactly the same measures as are applied to the performance of capitalist countries. Why this should be considered a virtue we don't know; it is, if anything, the worst possible methodological flaw. Economic measures of government activities are recognized as the most arbitrary, meaningless component of our own GNP; yet they must be used to assess 100 per cent of the Soviet GNP. Still, some analysts persist in thinking that an economy driven by consumer desires, like ours, and one driven by interests of state, like theirs, are really on the same track but just at different "stages of development." Our homemakers are discovering convection ovens and the Cuisinart pasta attachments; theirs are discovering toasters. We wait in line to see *E.T.*; they wait in line to buy beets. We have exercise spas; they have hard labor. All are folded alike into the magic GNP aggregate. For example, the big increase in Soviet civilian police hours during the 1970s, 34 per cent, is considered a component of economic growth.

The high Soviet growth rates of the 1950s and the anemic rates of the 1970s average to a 4.8 per cent growth in GNP, which would be respectable were it really comparable. To Henry Reuss, the departing lib-

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eral Democrat from Wisconsin who chaired the Joint Economic Committee, this shows that "the USSR, far from being on the verge of collapse, has experienced major growth." Which is enough to refute, according to the *New York Times* summary of Reuss's views, "the tendency of some commentators to argue that the Soviet economy was in dire straits and susceptible to Western pressures." Reuss's implicit assumption seems to be that it is useless to apply economic pressure to any countries not in dire economic straits—a lesson to keep in mind the next time the liberals propose sanctions against another prosperous pro-Western country.

Out of the Closet I

In the furor over a New York kidnapping case, public attention has been focused sharply on an organization of whose existence few were previously aware: the North American Man/Boy Love Association, whose philosophy affirms that "homosexuality is good not only for adults, but for young people as well."

Other homosexual groups are hastening to repudiate the NAMBLA, lest it injure the prestige of sodomy. But the plain fact is that the NAMBLA has been a regular part of the gay scene for years now, advertising in the *Gay Community News*, marching in the big marches, and echoing the movement's polemics: "Sexual liberation cannot be achieved without the liberation of children. . . . Children need to gain control over their lives. . . . The best mother (or father) for a boy is one who gives him the freedom he needs to explore himself and the world around him. . . . The child himself should have the right to decide whom to live with, whether a lesbian mother or a gay father, the 'natural' parents, a boy-lover, or someone else."

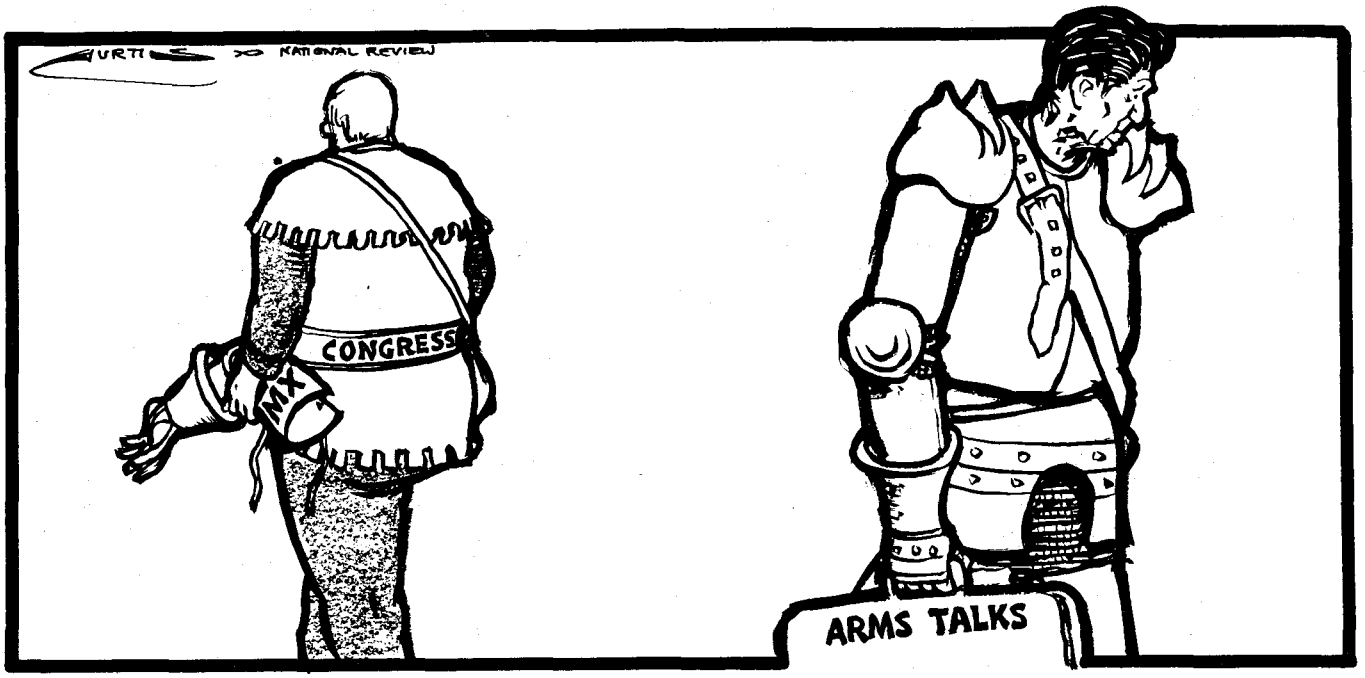
All this is quite congruent with the tone and message of gay lib. Its major disadvantage is that it is too explicit for this country (and probably even for Sweden, as far as that goes) at this point in time.

The NAMBLA would enjoy a better chance of success if it followed the lead of the pro-abortion movement and exercised a bit of tact. First it should play down the idea that pederasty is a "right" and stress instead the theme that—law or no law—it "happens anyway." Make people think they can't prevent the molesting of their children. *Then* present them with the choice: between a messy kidnapping, with the chance that they will never see their child alive again; and early dating, with the assurance that the child will be brought home the same night. Make it sound *safe*. Let's deal with it *openly*. That's the ticket.

Out of the Closet II

Handsome, brilliant, rich, well-connected, ambitious, Michael Whitney Straight went quickly from Cambridge University to the Roosevelt Administration, writing speeches for FDR and dining with him often. Straight was hailed as a leading political activist and visionary before he was thirty. After the war, he became publisher of *The New Republic* (his family owned the stock), while Henry Wallace, who was already a Soviet apologist and who would run for President as a Communist stooge in 1948, became its editor. When Wallace resigned to pursue his candidacy, Straight took over; he led the magazine as editor and publisher through the heyday of McCarthyism, departing in 1956.

It was in 1963, when he accepted a minor post in the



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Kennedy Administration, that Straight quietly confided to the FBI that he had been recruited as a Soviet agent in 1937 by a Cambridge don, Anthony Blunt; there he had also known Guy Burgess. From 1938 to 1942, back in Washington, he had reported to another Soviet contact known to him as "Michael Green."

Straight is now about to publish his autobiography, in which he explains all this. His belated confession led to Blunt's exposure. Is he sorry? According to a friendly profile in the *New York Times*: "He thinks he stills bears the stigma of 'an informer,' he says, but he heatedly rejects suggestions that he was a 'traitor,' 'spy,' or 'Soviet agent.'" Straight boasts that even after cutting his Communist ties, "I remained a political liberal." Indeed he did, heading a periodical whose main business, under his regime, was denouncing as "witch-hunts" inquiries into whether "Michael Green" types had succeeded in penetrating the American establishment that was dominated by Michael Straight types.

Now that his secret is out, how are his fellow liberals taking the news? Are they denouncing his deceits, his hypocrisy, his possible treason, his role in bringing innocent liberals under suspicion? Are they muting their invectives against HUAC and Joe McCarthy? Not that we know of. The *Times* story was tucked deep inside the newspaper, under the baroque headline: "Key Figure in Spies' Exposure Now Writes His Side of Story." A different side of the story would have appeared on the front page under the headline: "Key McCarthy Critic Admits Soviet Ties."

The Tube's Boobs

How does American television present American businessmen? We've all seen J. R. Ewing. A few years ago, the writer Ben Stein approached the question comprehensively, talking to television producers and writers and coaxing from them their opinions of the commercial world, which he then reported in a fascinating book, *The View from Sunset Boulevard*. A few of the dicta recorded by TV's Boswell: business is "part of a very great power structure which wields enormous power over the people." Business is part of "a dangerous concentration of power." Businessmen are "sons of bitches . . . cannibals . . . lepers."

In a recent issue of *Public Opinion*, Linda Lichter, Robert Lichter, and Stanley Rothman sift the evidence of the television programs themselves, which, they conclude, tend to portray businessmen "as criminals, fools, or malevolent or greedy creatures." Rothman and the Lichters studied eight weeks of prime-time TV, during the period 1979-81. Businessmen appeared frequently—in nearly half the shows. Only 28 per cent of them appeared in a favorable light. A whopping 60 per cent of televisionland's businessmen came off badly; of these, more than one-third (21 per cent of the total) were outright criminals.

Their sins were not personal, but almost inevitable consequences of the capitalist life. "Businessmen were at their worst when performing purely business functions. Sixty-seven per cent of those engaged in business activities were negative, compared to 44 per cent of those involved in purely personal circumstances. . . . In fact, the closer the plot to the businessman's occupational role, the worse the businessman was portrayed."

"If American business has redeeming social values," the authors conclude, "they rarely turn up on prime-time television. Rather, businessmen are cast as evil and selfish social parasites whose efforts to secure 'more' are justly condemned and usually thwarted. According to television, what is good for business is not likely to be good for American society."

Why do TV people think and write that way? Ben Stein ventured a sociological analysis. The people of Sunset Boulevard, he wrote, form a "highly articulate, well-heeled, highly motivated class on the move, eager to dominate the other powerful classes and groups in society. . . . They are doing neither more nor less than seeking to move their class to the top of the heap and to displace whatever stands in the way." One thinks, by contrast, of America a century ago, or of Japan today where, as Peter Peterson observed, a significant jump in a company's profits is cause for national celebration. Whatever the motive, what's good for television is bad for economic literacy.

Pinpointing the Problem

The furnaces are dying;
  The workers head for home.
By April, Lackawanna
  Will look as bleak as Nome.
In Tokyo, the steel men
  Are not assailed by doubt
Because our Army Air Corps
  Bombed all the old stuff out.

W. H. von Dreele

Poland, R I P

So far as anyone can tell, Solidarity is out of business and the spirit of rebellion in Poland is comatose. The entire operation, masterminded by Yuri Andropov, who was then the head of the KGB, was a tactical masterpiece.

To have moved Soviet tanks and troops into Poland would have been both dangerous and politically counterproductive. It might have led to guerrilla warfare. It would have alienated—however temporarily—

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European opinion, damaging pipeline and other commercial negotiations, and setting back the anti-nuclear campaign. So Andropov played his Jaruzelski card. Jaruzelski—who spent World War II in Russia, is a KGB official, and has a Russian wife—is really a Russian inside a Polish skin, but the ruse worked. Andropov even installed an alternative telephone system, which would be available to the government during the critical days when regular phone service was suspended. Walesa and other leaders were seized, dissidents were isolated, and the Pope was shot (see above, "Kremlin Papers").

Today, little more than a year since the crackdown, Walesa is out of custody but muzzled. On December 14, he managed to smuggle to the West a speech he knew he would be prevented from delivering inside Poland. Concentrated jamming prevented Western radio stations from transmitting it back to Poland. A claustrophobic stupor has settled over the country.

Meanwhile, some related events were occurring in Washington, D.C. The Reagan Administration had requested from Congress an additional appropriation of $44 million for Radio Free Europe and Radio Liberty. The intention was to counteract electronic jamming by the Soviet bloc. The day Walesa smuggled his speech to the West, Senator Lowell Weicker, chairman of the relevant appropriations subcommittee, blocked the special appropriation. Jaruzelski owes Weicker at least a letter of thanks.

Louis Aragon, R I P

France, for some reason or another, seems to be the only country where it is still possible to be both a modernist and a Communist at the same time. Louis Aragon, a great twentieth century poet and also a novelist, was a member of the Central Committee of the French Communist Party, which he joined in 1931, and he received a Lenin Peace Prize for his Communist efforts generally and for his "Ode to Stalin" in particular.

During the 1920s, however, he was closely associated with Paul Valéry, Tristan Tzara, André Breton, and other great modernists, and he himself remained a modernist to the end. His celebratory *Henri Matisse* appeared in 1973, illustrated with sketches, drawings, and paintings from Aragon's personal collection, which included many other works from the heroic period of modernism, including many Picassos.

The First World War was central to all of this. Aragon won a Croix de Guerre for bravery, but was traumatized emotionally by his experiences. His rebellion against the society he regarded as responsible for the catastrophe first took the forms of Dadaism and Surrealism, later of Marxism and Stalinism. Needless to say, Aragon's continuing modernism would have been

"Such a shame. We finally score a success with a test-tube baby and now you're demanding an abortion."

entirely unacceptable inside the Soviet Union—as, indeed, Picasso's proved to be—but he was able to maintain the peculiar synthesis in Paris. In 1968, however, when as editor of *Les Lettres Français* he wrote an editorial attacking the USSR over Czechoslovakia, the Soviets banned his magazine and effectively put it out of business.

A dramatic, even Byronic figure, Aragon won a second Croix de Guerre in World War II and, going underground as François Colère (Wrathful Francis), was one of the relatively few genuine heroes of the Resistance. A child of the twentieth century, Aragon is dead at eighty-five.

Notes & Asides

■ Memo to our readers:

With this issue, James P. McFadden relinquishes his duties as associate publisher. He does this after 25 years of hard, productive, and often inspired labor. He will devote himself to his role as editor of *The Human Life Review*; but also as Consultant to the Editor of NATIONAL REVIEW. McFadden's successor as associate publisher will be his long-time assistant, Edward A. Capano.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I heard one of the organizers of the successful pro-freeze vote in Wisconsin claim that, because of the

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vote, "in future, politicians will ignore us at their peril."

So these people *do* understand deterrence theory . . .

Yours etc.,
Antony F. P. Vickery
Fairfax, Va.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I, for the life of me, cannot understand why I must be subjected to such drivel, fortnight after fortnight, concerning an oxymoron contest that doesn't appeal to me. Will you please enlighten me?

Solipsistically yours,
John Mehigan
Falls Church, Va.

Because, Mr. Mehigan, people *care*. Have you no *compassion*? —WFB

Dear Mr. Buckley:

Messrs. Thrall, Hibbard, and Holman, whose *Handbook to Literature* is as happily comfortable to me as an old shoe, call an oxymoron "a rhetorical antithesis bringing together two contradictory terms." I agree to a point, but would add that a good, gutsy, modern oxymoron needs 1) irony; 2) phenomenology; and 3) conflict. That is, it must hurt, be timely and real, and sharply diverge.

My entry: religious humanism.

Regards,
Michael Pocalyko
Virginia Beach, Va.

Dear Editorial Dept.:

Is "freed in Poland" an oxymoron?

Sincerely,
J. G. Matlock
Seattle, Wash.

Dear Mr. Buckley:

I offer yet another entry for *NR*'s oxymoron contest: social science.

Best wishes,
Henry M. Gottfried
Rochester, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Buckley:

Another oxymoron: civil war.

Sincerely,
James McGlynn
Austin, Tex.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Having silently submitted to abuse from two *NR* fellow-readers because of my calling the use of "cohort" in the singular a solecism and citing Follett as my authority ["N&A," Sept. 3], I will only say that I could quote other authorities on my side, in addition to poor Mr. Follett, whose book on usage I still prefer to Webster's ambiguous and permissive *Third*. However, since it seems my fate in life to start lengthy and heated debates about trivial matters, I will not add any more fuel to the controversy. I would like to take this opportunity to thank Mr. Wheeler for offering me a double helping of quiche, although his invitation is, alas, somewhat vague as to when and where I can partake of what is, admittedly, one of my favorite dishes, in addition to more basic and conservative food. Incidentally, I am not *Mr.* Lou Rose, but *Mrs.* Lou Rose. I cannot for the life of me understand why "Lou" is assumed to be a man's name. Robert Service and a few others thought otherwise.

Lou Rose
Lusby, Md.

Dear Mrs. Rose: George Sand would be shocked, wouldn't he? Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Us Marnies are horribul spelers but Mr. Walter McNeese who's letter got printed in the November 26 issue will probubly be glad to no that the 4th edition of the *New Columbia Insyclopedia* dozent have an entry for Lewis B. Puller either. He was also a general in the Marnies who wasunt concidered housebroken enough to be commandant but every male recruit at Parris Island and San Diego has had the oppertunity to do one more pushup for Chesty Puller just before he does one more for the Corps. Nobody ever does an extra pushup for Jane or Peter Fonda at either boot camp. Mabee they do at Columbia.

R. K. Templeton Jr.
Sewickley, Pa.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Re: "Notes and Asides," Sept. 17, 1982: A neutron bomb detonated directly over your house would most assuredly demolish it. The "enhanced radiation warhead," while having less of its energy released as blast effect than an atomic bomb (40 per cent instead of 50 per cent), is actually a small hydrogen bomb, with one hundred times the explosive power of the weapons used in World War II.

Without questioning the desirability of deploying this weapon to defend against a Soviet armored invasion of Europe, I would suggest that you be more precise about your physics, lest you yourself appear to be what you called your critic.

Respectfully yours,
Jane M. Orient, MD
Tucson, Ariz.

Dear Dr. Orient: I meant, explode one hundred miles over my house. If it comes too close, can I call you? Cordially, **—WFB**

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FROM

Washington

JOHN McLAUGHLIN

Straight

Reagan's Ruminations

CAMP DAVID, MD.—Dear Diary: Who was that Harvard professor who said that the third year is the one that makes or breaks a Presidency? I suppose this is doubly true for my Presidency, since I've staked my political salvation on the economy. Those massive tax and budget cuts could boomerang catastrophically. Lucky for me that the recovery is well under way.

But we can't lull ourselves. The lame-duck Congress taught us that. Battlefield number one for '83 is going to be in Congress. Oh, the Senate will still be reasonably docile, despite the split among the Republicans: Helms & Co. on the Right, Dole & Co. on the Left. The press can say what it wants about Jesse's "obstructionist" filibustering on the nickel-a-gallon tax—strike that, *user's fee*—but Helms did me one big political favor. He pulled the headlines away from the fact that the lame duck kicked a web-footed hole through the myth of my invincibility. Not only did we lose the $1 billion in construction funds for the MX, but almost all of the $2.5 billion for R&D. We also lost the Caribbean basin, Radio Martí, and enterprise zones. By playing Jesse up as an ideological Neanderthal at war with me, the press made me look agreeably balanced. So, all in all, thanks to Helms, and my vanishing-act strategy, the lame duck hardly shed a feather on Dutch.

On the crunch issues, the Senate will hang tough with me in '83, I'm sure. Baker is loyal—despite his presidential ambitions—even if Dole is not. The House is another matter. Staff tells me that when you sift through the exiting and entering House members, you wind up with a 19-seat shift to the Left. For me this means less operational control and no more free rides. We're going to have to fight for everything we get, and we're not going to get a helluva lot.

One thing is certain: I've got to take the offensive and stay there—where I'm most comfortable anyway. The cut-your-losses strategy worked with the lame ducks, but it was less successful in last November's elections, and this year it would be ruinous.

The '83 Game

Leadership is the name of the '83 game, and my long suit in this game is salesmanship. My most important client is going to be my fellow septuagenarian, Tip. We've got to cut deals with O'Neill the way I did with the Democratic Assembly in California. And if Tip is *my* client in making deals, I am *his*. He knows he can't get away with belittling Republicans forever: the Democrats have got to come up with programs of their own. But how will Tip do that? Even with a hundred-seat majority, does he really think he can get a consensus out of that Democratic zoo: Boll Weevil conservatives, classic left-wingers, labor-oriented liberals, neo-libs, and middle-of-the-roaders? Add to this the Democrats' identity crisis, plus the urge to get on the Republican Ferris wheel once the economy is spinning along, so they can claim some of the credit. Don't worry. Tip will play compromise ball.

My hard Right will squawk, of course, but if they take the trouble to study the compromises I cut, they'll see that I'm no sell-out or cop-out. If they do sound off, they'll only push the moderates closer to me. In the last analysis, the hard Right—whom I dearly love despite their stubbornness—have nowhere else to go. Come '84, we'll revive school prayer and abortion. Meanwhile, during '83, we'll come on strong with the tuition tax credit for the blue-collars we lost last November.

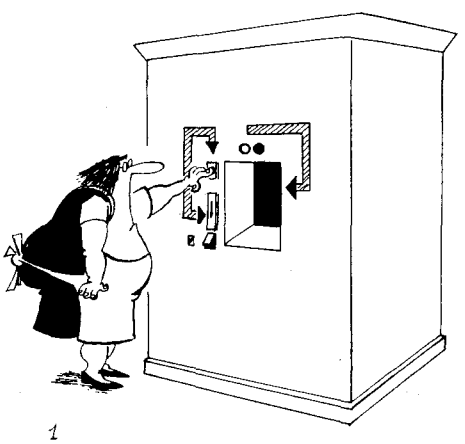
Social Security will be the first early test with Tip. He doesn't want to cut benefits; I don't want to raise taxes. This is the hand I intend to play: a) temporarily suspend the $236-million cost-of-living increases, b) make the newer federal workers participate, c) increase very, very gradually the full benefit eligibility age beyond 65, and d) couple higher payroll taxes on 116 million workers with a new income-tax credit that would allow the workers to deduct the amount of the FICA tax increase.

In the budget message, we won't give an inch on the 10 per cent July tax cut, and we'll seek an added $20- to $25-billion reduction in social spending. To get that, we'll have to compromise on the defense budget between Tip's 3 per cent increase and my 7 per cent, which for me means a bottom line of 6 per cent, and I can see that flowing from sharper management. Cap should have helped us there.

One for Tip

The MX is a lost cause. We'll throw it into Tip's pot as a bargaining chip, claim it's a relic (which it probably is), and go for a newer, smaller, accurate mobile ballistic missile. Even hardliners like Bill Van Cleave favor these over the MX. Since John Glenn—my likely '84

(Continues on page 68)



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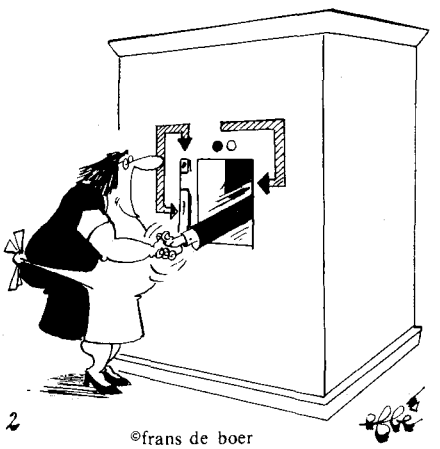

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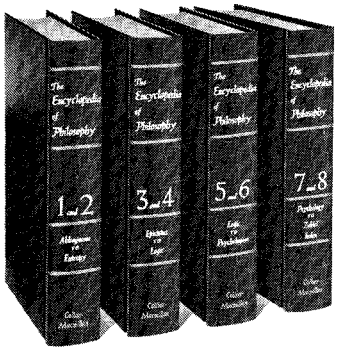

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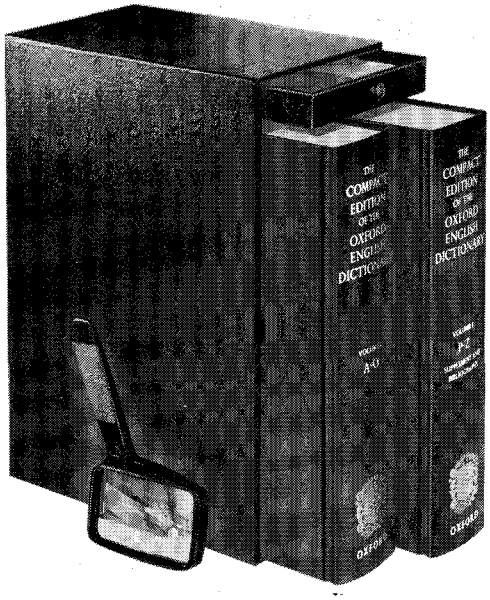

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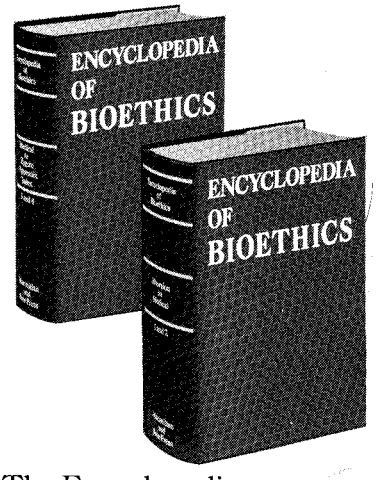

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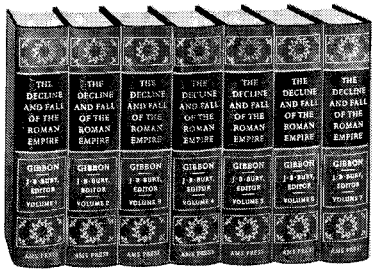

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Bad News and Good

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

WELL, OF COURSE, 1982 was a frustrating year, but then, doesn't that make it a normal year? And now, we enter the big one, the crucial one: 1983, when we shall learn whether the Soviet Union, in its decadence, is to be, or not to be, in a winning situation.

There have been worse years—1978 for instance. That year, President Carter made his unilateral arms concessions to the Soviets; the fate of the Shah was sealed while the U.S. stood by, either wringing its collective hands or giving comfort to his enemies; the KGB installed a regime of its choice in Afghanistan, thus legitimizing a future invasion under the Brezhnev Doctrine; the Soviets installed puppet regimes in South Yemen and Ethiopia and air-lifted thousands of Cubans to Ethiopia and Angola. We live today, still, under the shadow of these events, which I called at the time "the year of passive appeasement."

During the year now ended, President Reagan continued to demonstrate that he has a more intelligent, if intuitive, grasp of strategic needs and challenges than his predecessor, his critics, and some at least of his expert advisors. There were, in 1982, two additional items of good news; and two or three costly irrelevancies. The good news first: in the face of organized terrorism and specific threats, the people of El Salvador voted overwhelmingly against the Communist rebels; in West Germany, the increasingly neutralist Social Democratic/liberal coalition fell, and the well-meaning Chancellor Schmidt announced he would not run again for office (a gift of, say, 5 per cent of the vote to the Christian Democrats if the elections originally planned for March indeed take place).

The costly irrelevancies were, of course: the Falklands war; the Israeli incursion into Lebanon; and the continuing Iran-Iraq conflict.

Win Some, Lose Some

The Falklands war, more than most, was a war that should not have taken place. It never made much sense that a spectacular naval operation should be mounted to restore the citizens' rights of 1,800 graziers and crofters of British stock eight thousand miles from the mother country, when the rights of a quarter of a million white Rhodesians had been surrendered at the conference table. It made no sense that the Argentinians, who had a sufficiency of genuine problems at home, should challenge even a residual and remote great power and outrage world opinion by invading this inhospitable piece of real estate. It made no sense, for that matter, that the Foreign Office should ignore clear intelligence about Argentina's intentions, so that Lord Carrington went to Israel for discussions instead of advising protective measures in the Falklands, which could have prevented war.

On the debit side, the Falklands war, by obliging the United States to come down, however reluctantly, on Britain's side, damaged the President's promising initiative to involve Argentina in the problems of the Communist challenge in Central America. On the credit side, fortuitously, there are at least two items to record. One was a rapprochement (which conservatives should welcome) between the Thatcher government and the Pinochet regime in Chile, which, in Foreign Office parlance, was "helpful" in the conflict. The other, more important, was the so-called "Falklands factor": the wave of instinctive patriotism in Britain that quite suddenly made Margaret Thatcher for the first time a popular national leader, and which may contribute to her being re-elected in 1983. For these mercies, praise be.

The Israeli occupation of Lebanon split the invading country and its supporters abroad, as well as providing ammunition for its enemies. It culminated in the horrific massacre of Islamic civilians by Lebanese Christians. It did succeed in seriously damaging the fighting potential of the PLO by dispersing its units, although reports of further PLO infiltration through Syria are disquieting. It also, in my view, gave the Reagan plan for a Palestinian settlement at least a chance, which it would otherwise have lacked, of serious consideration by the protagonists.

As for the Gulf war, it is in some ways even more irrelevant to the wider conflict than the Falklands or Lebanon. Not for the first time, it would be straining moral and historical truth to describe it as a conflict between good and evil. It is a contest between one cruel and repressive regime and another. There is, however, an important difference of degree between Saddam Hussein's Iraq and Ayatollah Khomeini's Iran. Having maintained himself in power by mass executions, Saddam Hussein is now conferring some social benefits upon his people. Had he been successful in the war, his victory would have been compatible with Western interests. Khomeini's regime is pure medieval reaction and atavism, so infinitely worse than the late Shah's that it stands as a reproach to those who, in ostensible defense of human rights, wanted the Shah to be ousted. Moreover, if the Ayatollah's human-waves tactics that brought victory to the Iranians could be continued until the avowed objective of bringing down Saddam Hussein's regime had been attained, Islamic Iran would threaten the whole existing order in the Near East—Syria and Saudi Arabia no less than Israel.

Soviet Shenanigans

The bad news on the 1982 ledger includes the surge in the Soviet-backed "peace" movement in the United States, while the pressure also continues in Western Europe. It is typical and regrettable that the House Select Committee could find no evidence of Soviet manipulation of the "peace" movement; and in character that the House should deny Reagan the funds he requested for the MX. There are none so blind . . .

Also on the bad-news side was the decision of several West European governments to involve themselves with the Siberian gas pipeline project in the face of a U.S. veto that in the end (and regrettably) the President had to lift anyway.

As if to underline the futility of pressing for the departure of the Cuban forces in Angola as a precondition for Namibia's independence, the end of the year brought news that the Soviets had sent ten thousand more Cubans to the area—a rise of one-third to one-half, depending on how you do your sums.

Still, the year did end on a firm note from the NATO foreign ministers, who told the Soviets they could have more detente if they quit Poland and Afghanistan. If this mood prevails through 1983, the Soviet attempt to disarm the West unilaterally may yet be defeated. □

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Stockpile Shortfalls

If an international crisis shuts off U.S. supplies of metals needed for strategic products, such as cobalt for jet fighter engines, plans call for getting emergency supplies for as long as three years from 113 depots in fenced fields and vaults scattered throughout the country.

But political pressures and lack of vigilance threaten these stockpiles that are critical to our national industrial and military strength. The piles of materials in fact might not be there when needed. Or they might be of inferior grade.

The U.S. urgently needs to set up a better strategic minerals stockpiling system guided by clear, firm policy.

Some 61 families of minerals are crucial to the technologies that make America a great power. Yet the U.S. is a have-not nation when it comes to some of them. We rely on imports for more than half of our needs for 20 essential minerals.

Many come from unreliable countries or unstable parts of the world, posing the threat of an unpredictable and disdisastrous cut-off. We might be victimized by price squeezes or political blackmail, or become hostage to a "materials OPEC."

Despite these dangers, the U.S. has allowed the National Defense Stockpile to fall 60% short of its official goals.

Moreover, the government keeps some of the minerals in the wrong form. Take chromium, a metal vital to energy, chemical, aircraft, and other industries. We import all our supplies. And about half our stockpile is in the form of ore for which the U.S. lacks sufficient smelting capacity. That's like storing acorns when we need wood.

The quality of many stored metals is poor. About a third of the titanium and some of the tin in the stockpile have corroded. Some long-held metals are not pure enough for the exacting standards of today's high technology. Less than 6% of the cobalt is suitable for jet engines, for instance.

Presidents in the past have authorized large stockpile disposals to balance the budget and control inflation, without regard to national readiness. Congress and numerous agencies each claim bits and pieces of stockpile authority — the organizational chart looks like a jigsaw puzzle. Responsibility for both policy and day-to-day operations is diffuse and uncoordinated.

Congress should give taxpayers their money's worth in stockpile management. Our lawmakers could, for example, create an independent stockpile controlling body isolated from budgetary and political pressures.

Every provident family lays away part of its resources in some responsible way as a reserve in case of emergency. When it comes to strategic mineral resources essential to national security, our country should be no less prudent.

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POLITICAL ECONOMY

'Property of the Soviet Union'

TOM BETHELL

IF YOU READ articles about the Soviet economy, a hobby of mine, you will only rarely come across references to the central issue of private property, which to a very large extent is illegal in Communist countries. Like football without rules, economics minus property soon becomes chaotic. Our media, which treat the subject so gingerly, seem to believe that property panders to greed, and that the Communists are morally superior for having abolished it, even if they have thereby incurred a cost in inefficiency.

Sometimes you will come across the datum, appended with all the force of a footnote, that the 1.5 per cent of the Soviet Union's agricultural land that is privately farmed produces 30 per cent of its vegetables and 50 per cent of its fruit. But this is very much the exception. In the days and weeks following the death of Leader Brezhnev and his replacement by Leader Andropov, a number of articles about the Soviet economy appeared in the U.S. press, and there was scarcely any reference to the problem of property, as far as I could see.

What is the "problem"? The important point about property is that when people are allowed to own things, they have the authority to move them from one place to another. If things are not owned—that is, if they are "owned" by the state—then they can only be moved when a subordinate official receives the appropriate command from his superior. Until that order arrives, all resources are immobilized. This can create serious problems. After all, economics itself is really a study of the movement of resources in such a way that they are more valuable at the end of the journey than they were at the beginning.

Years ago, in accordance with socialist ideology, the Communists thought they had found a superior solution to the economic problem of making things and distributing them; superior, that is, to the method of private property and independent decision-making. The whole country would be organized along military lines—one huge army at work. The economic commanders in their posts at central planning would be people of superior wisdom and they would issue the appropriate commands: make so much of this and so many of that. In due course the planned quantities of goods would become available for distribution.

In practice this has not worked out, because the command-givers do not have the information they need to transmit the correct orders. Let us say, for example, that you have a mound of fertilizer and some fields that need fertilizing. To transport the fertilizer to the fields the official in charge must receive an order from his superior, who in turn (let's say) must await instructions from Moscow. From Moscow's point of view, there are so many fertilizer piles and so many fields that it is impossible to know what commands have to be given. It is difficult to move such information intact up a chain of bureaucratic command. (This is well understood in Washington, where a lot of thought goes into the question of how you get a message into the Oval Office. Think how much harder it is to send the message from Peoria or Tuskegee.)

PROBABLY, THEN, the fertilizer remains in its pile. This constitutes what our newsmen often call a "bottleneck." How is this to be broken? Suppose now that an illegal Soviet entrepreneur finds that he can put the fertilizer to good use. Perhaps he and his friends own some of that 1.5 per cent of privately held farmland. So he slips the official a few rubles. The fertilizer is on its way at last, mobilized by incentive rather than command. That's what our media people call "corruption." Notice that their quarrel is with the unforeseen or unintended working of the system, not with the system itself. (The *New York Times* will criticize the Soviets for betraying socialism, but not—never—for adhering to it.)

Enter now Leader Andropov, who with his KGB connections and relative youth will reinvigorate the system. "Cautious Hope," ran a recent *Washington Post* headline. "Andropov Seen Bringing New Decisiveness." What could that mean? Brezhnev, according to the story by Dusko Doder, "had let various institutions and regions run their own affairs as long as they did not interfere with Kremlin politics." But "widespread corruption" was the result, and "the public mood now is for efforts to restore economic discipline, to end corruption . . ."

A crackdown, in other words. The crackdown will end the corruption, which will restore the bottlenecks. Back to square one with the fertilizer. It will sit in its neglected pile once again, awaiting mobilization by military rather than economic means.

Sometimes you do see the suggestion (made, for example, by Smith Hempstone in the *Washington Times*) that Andropov may be very intelligent and so will try to decentralize rather than recentralize decision-making. I am prepared to believe that Andropov understands the problem and may try to resolve it sensibly. But he faces a difficulty that may be insuperable. Once a military command structure permeates a whole country, as it uniquely does under Communism, how do you "demobilize" it? The general must tell his colonels to tell their sergeants that corporals and privates no longer have to obey them. Such orders are simply not carried out. People will not pass on the order that they no longer have to be obeyed. That is one reason why Communism has turned out to be impossible to dislodge. It is as difficult to get unpopular orders to travel down the chain of command as it is to get unpopular information to travel up it. Therefore it seems likely that anything Andropov does will make the problem worse.

The news media today carefully observe a taboo against criticizing (or even identifying) the principles of socialism. As the abolition of private property remains the central tenet of socialist ideology, press criticism is wide of the mark and likely to remain so. The real problem with the Soviet system, Anthony Austin misleadingly noted in the *New York Times*, is that it became "an ultraconservative order devoted to hierarchy, Russian nationalism, and forced economic growth—all this dressed up in socialist terminology . . ." You see? They *call* it socialist, but it isn't really. But of course it is. □

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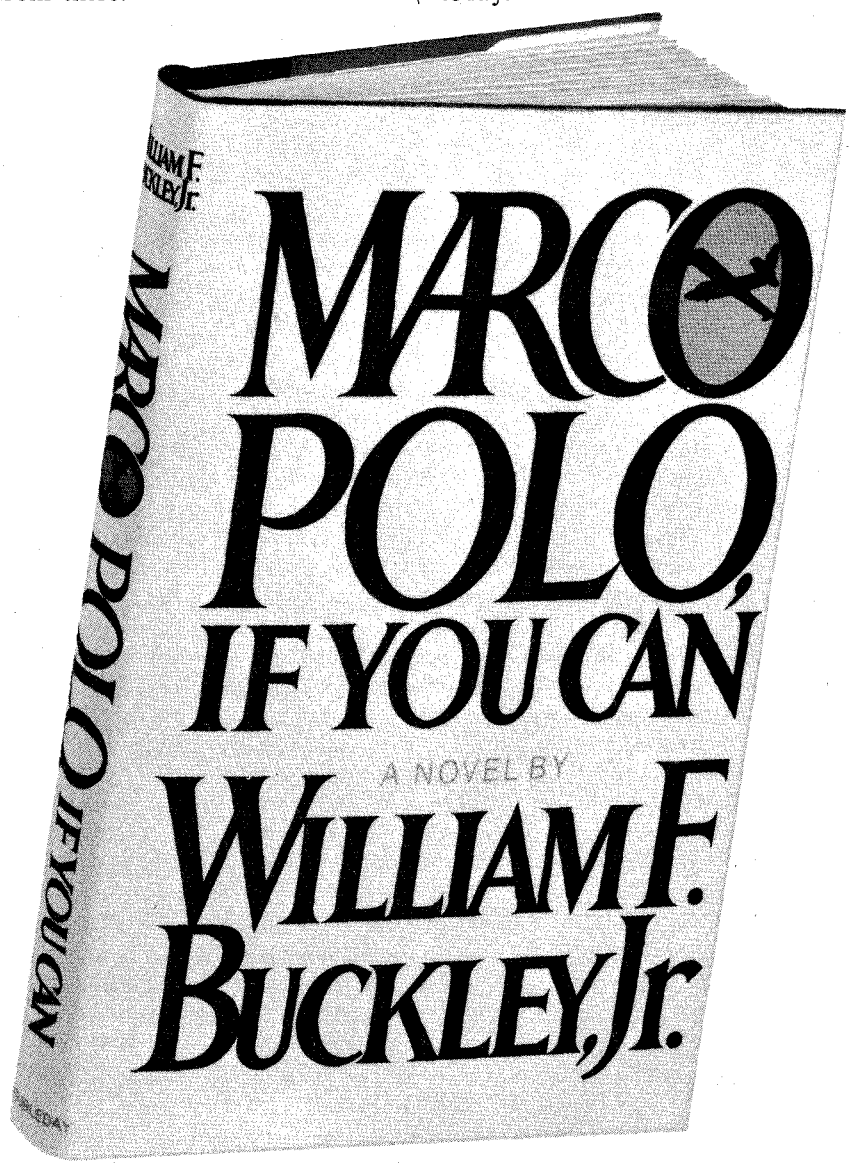

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ALEKSANDR SOLZHENITSYN

COMMUNISM

AT THE END OF THE BREZHNEV ERA

THE SOVIET UNION of today serves as an example of what Communism does to all countries and to all peoples that fall under its control. The differences from country to country are of secondary importance; the dominant features of the process are everywhere alike.

The first act of the Communists upon coming to power in Russia in 1917 was to hand Germany 25, 30, 40 per cent of Russia's territory, whatever it took to buy Germany off, just so long as the Communists could retain control over the rest. (This supreme Communist principle—to cling to power at any cost, even if it spells ruin to one's country, one's people, and to neighboring peoples—manifests itself with steely consistency from Lenin to Brezhnev; here too Stalin was merely Lenin brought to a logical conclusion.) Immediately thereafter the Communists launched a civil war on the home front in order to destroy not only their military enemies, but every opponent in every stratum of non-combatants, shooting entire villages, laying waste whole districts, and depopulating towns and provinces. Through the fault of the Communists, who appropriated even seed grain from the peasants, the famine of 1921 affected thirty million people; five million peasants died in the Volga River basin. Since then massive famines have been all too common in our land. Nineteen thirty-three brought death from hunger to another five or six million people; during the war of 1941-45 peasants resorted to eating grass-meal patties. While people were dying in the postwar famine of 1946-47, the government was exporting grain. From 1917 on, the population has never known satiety, security, or personal freedom.

It is therefore hardly surprising that in the early phases of World War II some three million soldiers surrendered to the enemy, that the people of the occupied regions awaited liberation by the invading troops, and that even in the months when the Germans' defeat had become obvious, several hundred thousand Soviet citizens from outside the country alone volunteered for the Liberation Army against Stalin. However, Hitler was waging war not against the ideological plague of Communism but to seize territory and to subjugate the peoples of the USSR. He thus forced the people, as they defended themselves, to defend and preserve Communism.

During the civil war of 1918-20, and with even greater intensity after its conclusion, the Communists, seeking to have no other contenders for power within the country, set about liquidating all other political parties, as well as all neutral cultural, religious, ethnic, and economic organizations. They instituted relentless mass exterminations of all who could provide even the slightest opposition to the Communist regime. Entire social strata were destroyed en masse—the nobility, the officers, the clergy, the merchants—as well as individuals who happened to stand out from the crowd or who manifested independent thinking. At first the heaviest blows fell on the largest national group, the ethnic Russians, and on their Orthodox religion; subsequent blows were just as methodically aimed at the other nationalities. By the end of the allegedly peaceful 1920s, these policies had claimed several million victims. Immediately thereafter came the annihilation of some 12 to 15 million of the most diligent peasants. The history of these successive decimations has been set forth, to the best of my ability, in *The Gulag Archipelago*.

What was the point of destroying the best, the hardest-working part of the peasantry? We would understand nothing about Communism if we tried to comprehend it on the principles of normal human reason. The driving force of Communism, as it was devised by Marx, is political power, power at any cost and without regard to human losses or a people's physical deterioration. For the Communist regime, the important thing was to have no vigorous, economically independent rivals in the country; the peasantry—80 per cent of the population at the time—had to be crippled so that it could not oppose the regime. With this goal in mind, the economically ruinous collective farm system becomes politically advantageous.

The agricultural economy in a Communist country is not designed according to calculations for achieving an optimum harvest, but is determined "ideologically." It is controlled by a grotesquely bureaucratic central plan incapable of anticipating real-life circumstances or of giving thought to the future, striving only to plunder the earth, as if this same earth will not have to sustain us tomorrow. For decades on end, the regime has handed down absurd and ruinous prescripts that the people have had no choice but to

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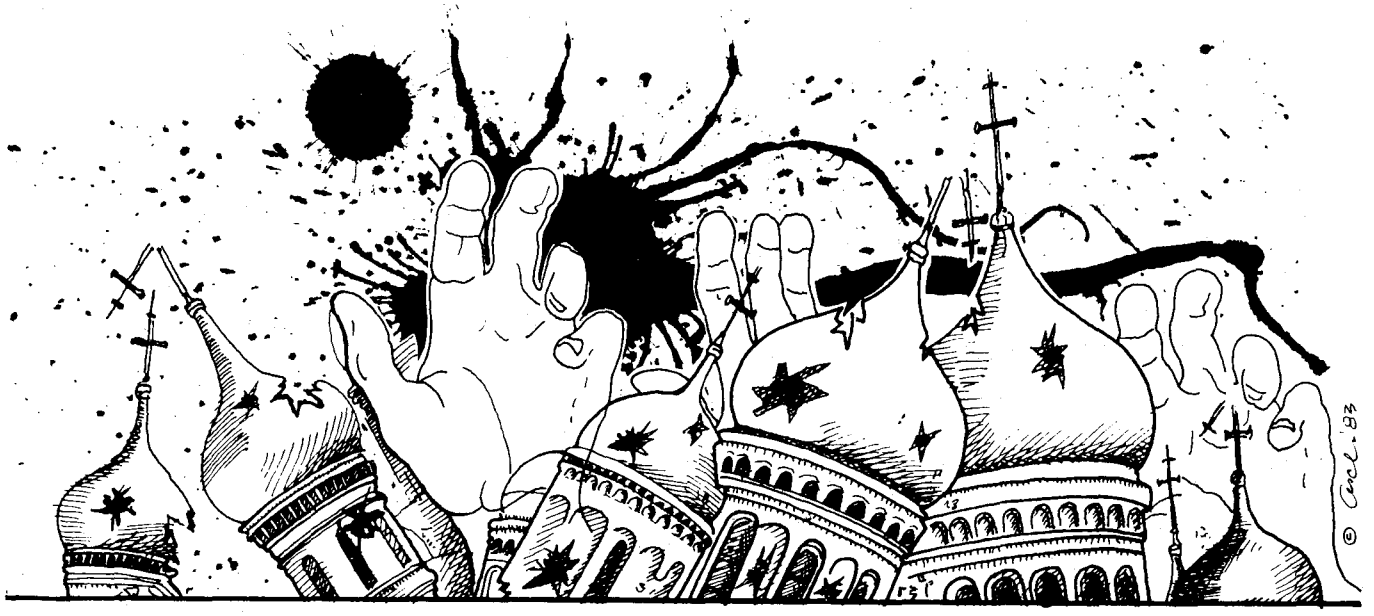
follow. The peasant is no longer devoted to the land and to his work as he was for centuries. What an achievement! Peasants have been numbed into indifference, obediently carrying out stupid orders, sowing and harvesting at the wrong times, irreparably turning the best meadowlands into unproductive plowed fields, cutting down forests until the rivers dry up, or draining good lakes to satisfy the formal requirements of "land reclamation." (But as they reclaim land in one spot, the same amount of acreage is abandoned elsewhere for lack of manpower.) Harvested grain and vegetables rot because of poor storage and inadequate transportation. Farm machinery rusts in the open air in winter and is soon out of commission. When there is too little time to spread all the fertilizer required by "the plan," the unused portion is burned so as to leave no trace of the infraction. Or consider this picture: a combine driver sells seed grain on the side at cut rates instead of sowing it. No one will check to see how much he has sown, and he doesn't care what comes up. For two months every year, teenagers from city high schools and other city dwellers inexperienced in agriculture are shipped in to "help" on the dying fields: their time, quite uselessly spent, is paid for by the regular salary they continue to receive at the various institutions from which they are absent. During the past ten years imports of foodstuffs to the USSR have increased forty-fold, and there have been four poor harvests in a row—such is the worth of this system of agriculture. For decades, the state has paid artificially low, indeed contemptible, prices for the produce of collective farms, so that the labor of the farmer has in effect been appropriated without any recompense whatever. For the person weeding a field all day long, the rewards have been only the tough weeds themselves—food for his cow or goat. Having arrogated the collective farmer's full working day at no cost to itself, the state permitted him to earn a livelihood by working his tiny private plot—about three-fifths of an acre—during what was left of the day and evening. These plots consume the remaining strength of old men and women (retired collective farmers until recently drew no old-age pension; they now receive a miserly sum), of invalids, and of children. (Fifteen million rural children don't know what it means to play; rural teenagers are smaller and more disease-prone than their urban counterparts.) In terms of area, the private plots make up only 2 per cent of the land under cultivation in the country, yet they generate one-third of the total production of vegetables, eggs, milk, and meat. But since up to a third of the collective farms' production of these same items is lost because of spoilage, the peasants —doubly exploited, deprived of fertilizers and modern technology, and working only with their hands, as they did long ago—produce on their private plots almost *half* of the USSR's supplies of those foodstuffs. But they cannot even sell all of this freely on the market. They have to give up a part to the state—formerly as a "tax," today in the form of "voluntary" sales at cut prices.

The disproportions of the Communist agricultural system speak for themselves: the entire adult rural population spends its days working on 98 per cent of the cultivated area, while the remaining 2 per cent is worked by invalids and children, and by adults in the evenings. But even this last refuge is being eliminated by the regime in its ideological madness: more and more collective farms (*kolkhozy*) have in recent years been reorganized into state farms (*sovkhozy*), a process that transforms the farmer into an industrial worker deprived of his private plot; these plots will therefore soon disappear altogether. Entire villages are being razed, the remnants of the peasant way of life eradicated, and the people resettled into multi-storied structures where cattle and fowl can no longer be kept. Once again the Soviet regime is demolishing its own base of production while "triumphing" ideologically.

The same type of absurdity besets the entire economy. By assuming complete control of production, the state has wrecked it. For sixty years official speeches, newspapers, and the radio have trumpeted the successes of Soviet industry; in fact it is an ailing organism, plagued by numerous afflictions that are temporarily relieved only by illegal "microcapitalistic" means (administered in circumvention of socialist remedies). The essential goal of the Soviet economy is not economic growth, not a general increase in production, not even a rise in productivity or profit, but the functioning of a mighty military machine and the abundant provisioning of the ruling caste. The party bureaucracy is unable to organize either production or commercial distribution; it knows only how to confiscate goods that have al-



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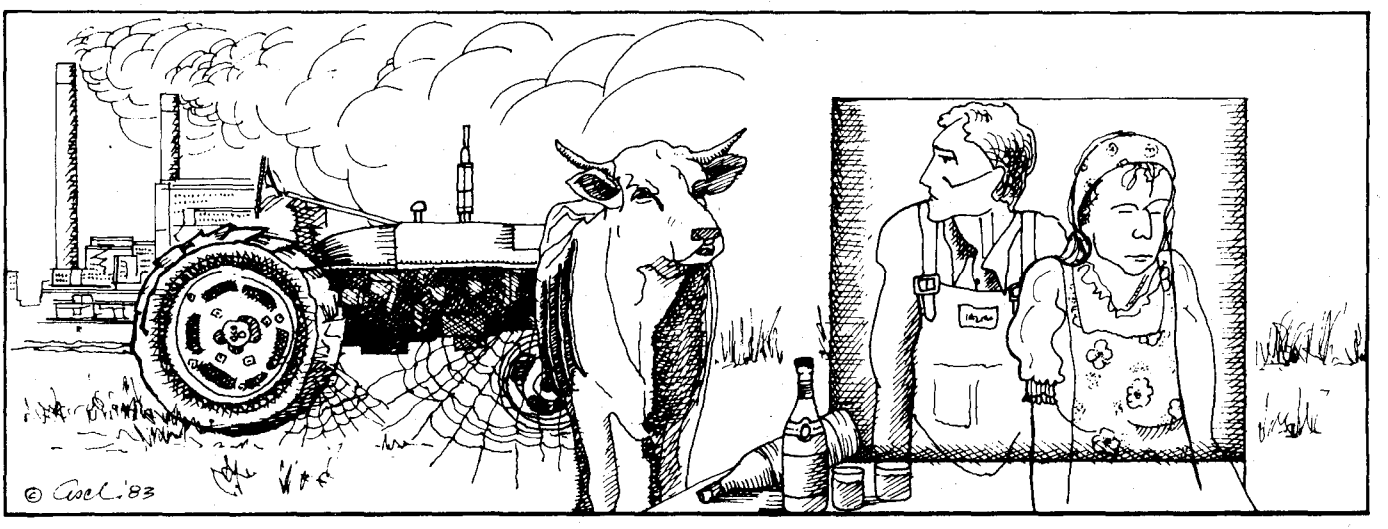
ready been produced. It is a system that cannot tolerate independence. Incapable of effective economic management, the regime substitutes coercion for leadership. The economy is fettered and hemmed in by a multitude of administrative restrictions, the aim of which is to prevent the emergence of any free social force. An obtuse extension of these rules has a deadening impact on many fruitful scientific undertakings; to offset this, key technology is either purchased or stolen in the West, and productivity rises only as a result of technical advances that have come into common use the world over. The result is foreign debts in the fantastic billions and depletion of the mineral and fuel resources that are used as payment. During their years in power, the Soviet leaders have sold or squandered reserves sufficient for their own generation and the two following generations. A great power, yet one that must import everything from electronics to grain, and that exports only its natural riches and arms, the Soviet Union has a standard of living below that of more than thirty other nations. Meanwhile, 12 per cent of the state's income is derived from the sale of exorbitantly priced vodka (which brings the populace to the point of induced idiocy) and of inferior wines prepared in unsanitary conditions: the government is literally driving the people to drink in order to finance its global designs.

The central plan controlling the economy does not take into account local circumstances or concrete events, yet it must be followed in rigid detail. The result is absurdity and chaos. Local officials work full-time devising ways of resisting or circumventing the plan, risking criminal charges at every step. Construction, for example, could not proceed if the laws were adhered to strictly: neither materials nor manpower would be available. Only illicit methods work. Everyone trembles at the threat of prosecution, yet nothing whatever would get built in any other way. The restrictions hinder action to the point that industrial managers are afraid to introduce obviously advantageous new technology: that would affect the plan and disrupt the schedule; it is far less trouble to announce that it will be instituted during the next five-year plan. Bold men with initiative have here and there attempted to set up the finances at their factories so as to get around petty state regulations and to be able to pay according to the quality and quantity of work performed. The results have always been spectacular, but such managers are immediately reined in from above with new restrictions, cuts in budget allocations, and sometimes even with criminal proceedings. The emergence of free economic forces is seen as a threat to the bureaucracy's control of events.

The plan is not based on the quality of goods, nor on their variety, but on their gross value; thus whoever produces the greatest number of expensive, unnecessary, and unsalable items is "ahead" and is awarded a prize. To satisfy the plan, more timber is cut and floated downstream yearly than can later be hauled away; the rest rots. The plan means that Siberia, the richest part of the country in energy resources, has a shortage of electric power. An outstanding black-earth region is pointlessly chosen as the site of the huge Kama industrial complex. The Baikal-Amur railway line is a high-priority "national construction project"; no resources, materials, or manpower are spared. Yet the line is exceedingly poor in quality, with settling of the roadbed and derailments, even though the cost of five million rubles per kilometer surpasses the cost of an equivalent unit of railway construction in pre-revolutionary Siberia by a factor of twenty (taking into account the changed value of the ruble).

To thousands of such examples one must add one other aspect of Communism: the mandatory system of lies. From the day the Communist system was born, one of its primary aims has been to conceal or distort what actually takes place. The effort was successful from the start, and has remained so throughout the zigs and zags of the subsequent decades, with the rest of the world actually wanting to be deceived, wishing to believe in the goodness of socialism. This led, at the launching of Stalin's first five-year plan in 1928, to the proclamation of unattainable goals for the sake of foreign prestige, goals made even less feasible by a propaganda campaign demanding "The five-year plan in four years!" Yet fulfillment of the stated objectives was required under threat of sanctions, and every level of management was left with no choice but to submit false reports, inflated figures, and claims to have accomplished what had not in fact been done at all. These inflated figures then became the basis of new plans, also unattainable, which led to new lies. By now there is half a century's worth of accumulated falsehoods. The USSR does not publish false statistics only for foreign consumption: the leaders themselves do not know the true situation in their own country.

It goes without saying that this lunatic conduct of economic policy, which anticipates nothing but military needs and exhibits a contemptuous disregard for the everyday re-



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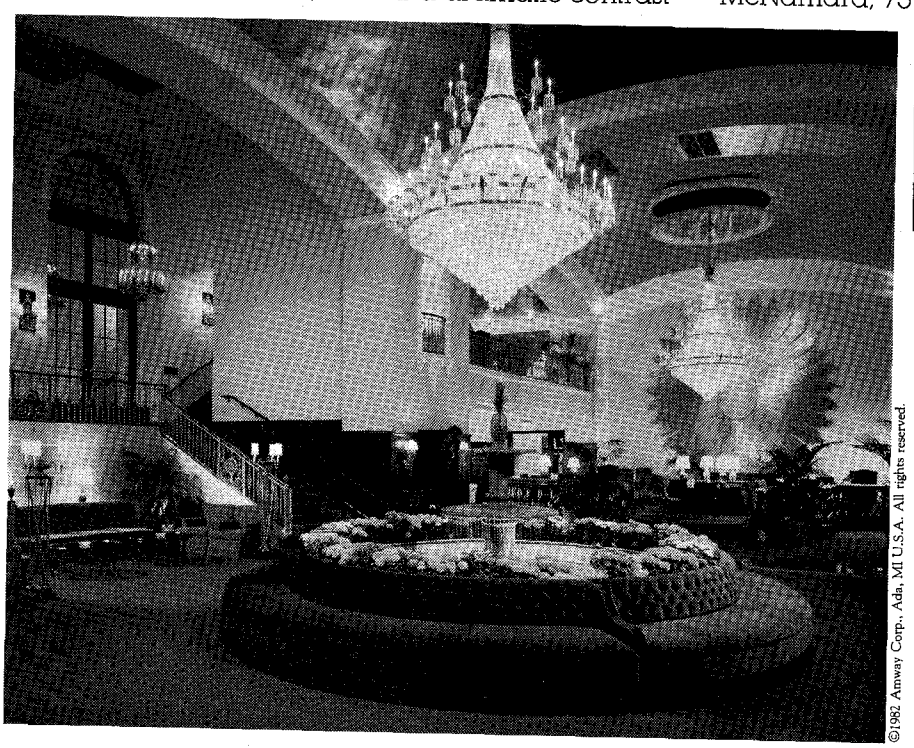

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quirements of the populace, leads to irreparable abuse of the environment. It is the plan at any cost, no matter what may be ruined in the process, particularly if this is merely some historical site or an unsullied natural region. Numerous hydroelectric stations are being constructed across rivers in flat country, flooding cultivated fields, grasslands, and populated districts; the hastily constructed dams ruin fishing. The price of all this is far greater than the benefits in increased electric energy. Beneath the waters of such new "seas," about which, incredibly, the Communists like to boast, there now lie a dozen towns, many hundreds of villages, and valuable forests. In contrast, the highly prized Sea of Azov, which used to provide more fish than the Black, Caspian, and Baltic Seas put together, has had its water level lowered by the Volga-Don Canal and has been turned into a dump for industrial wastes. The fish population has decreased ninety- to a hundred-fold compared to pre-World War II levels.

Having ruined the European part of Russia, they are now wreaking destruction beyond the Urals. Lake Baikal, a unique formation which has withstood geological calamities for 25 million years and which used to contain the world's cleanest water, has been forever poisoned by the dumping of heavy metals and by the effluents of a cellulose factory that produces tires for long-range bombers. The hydroelectric power station near Alma-Ata has caused half of Lake Balkhash to dry up. The attempt to cultivate the virgin lands of Kazakhstan has turned seven and a half million acres of land into desert. The Siberian forests are being cut down rapaciously, without any effort at reforestation. Inferior timbering techniques inflict permanent damage on the soil and kill off new forest growths. Incompetent construction of the Baikal-Amur railroad has doomed a wide strip of land along the roadbed, with the surface layer turning into a barren swamp; uncontrolled removal of gravel is spoiling rivers. Another huge area is now being laid waste by the frenzied construction of the natural-gas pipeline between Taimyr and Western Europe. (All of Europe, and even Japan, is helping in this project, which will certainly make use of slave labor from the camps.)

From ancient times theft was looked upon as a deadly sin in Russia, but today stealing from the government has become a fact of life, an act necessary for survival

The Communist authorities are recklessly willing to pay this price in order to keep seizing new countries in Africa and Asia, countries they will ravage in the same way—just as they are plundering the oceans of the world. Half a century ago they sacrificed the peasantry to the insane concept of the collective farm—are they surprised today that the harvests are poor? In the same way they are now seeking to improve the climate: rivers flowing into the Arctic Ocean will be reversed and made to flow south—another insane project that will produce a new disaster in a few years, a disaster not limited in its impact to the Russian north alone, but with repercussions for the entire planet as the balance of the Arctic Ocean is upset. In the case of every enterprise, the plan is such that it is too time-consuming and too expensive to safeguard nature and to construct installations for purifying wastes. And so the environment deteriorates. The areas surrounding cities and industrial installations are disfigured and covered with litter; rivers are poisoned with concentrations of toxic materials that exceed the "upper permissible limit" for these substances by a factor of two or three. In the case of urban air pollution the factor is ten and in some cases even a hundred. (None of this is reported openly, since the destruction of nature and the threat to human life are classified matters in the USSR, just like everything else; those who have tried to air these issues publicly have ended up in psychiatric wards.) Lung cancer has increased twofold in our country over the last ten years. We are dying together with our natural environment.

Children with living parents grow up like orphans: because the father's salary is invariably insufficient and the mother must work, millions of children begin their lives in overcrowded day-care centers, in unhealthy and tension-filled surroundings, with inadequate supervision but with the compensation of an "ideological upbringing." Millions of them will pass their entire subsequent existence in common living quarters of this type, in trade schools and factories, with the facilities everywhere rundown and unsanitary; an early exposure to drunkenness and depravity is the norm here. Nor can a young person escape to a private apartment: he or she would be unable to get the necessary residence permit. These people are like serfs, totally dependent on their factory managers, who exploit them without limit: should they lose their job, they also lose the right to remain in that city. This state of affairs applies throughout the Soviet Union: the employer has full administrative power over his employees, and everyone everywhere, with the partial exception of Moscow, is fully and directly dependent upon his administrative supervisor. The employee cannot present any demands and cannot leave of his own volition. Salaries are calamitously low; for a workman, they do not correspond even to a tenth of the real value of his labor. Cramped, poor-quality housing is the rule, with several unrelated families sharing a single apartment. Even decades-long employment in a single enterprise does not earn one the right to separate family quarters.

The so-called free medical care is of wretched quality, and the hospitals are squalid. The country is afflicted with mass alcoholism, and young men have a high death rate from alcohol-related accidents. The drinking problem among women is also on the rise.

Except in Moscow and Leningrad, commercial goods are of poor quality, and one must stand in long lines to get them. All sorts of items suddenly disappear from the market—soap, detergent, thread, needles, dishes, underwear, light bulbs. For 65 years the population has not received adequate nutrition or the requisite number of calories. In the provincial towns there is real hunger: no meat, fish, eggs, or milk, not even macaroni or groats are to be found. (No one has laid eyes on rice for half a century.) Many cities in recent years have instituted food rationing, and this in the absence of war or natural disaster. Nowhere else in

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the world do so many women work at such physically arduous tasks without mechanical aids. Aside from their jobs, Soviet women also spend more than thirty hours per week on domestic chores and standing in line. (The state actually prefers that people should be preoccupied with trying to obtain their daily bread, so that no thoughts will be left for anything else.)

The government robs the land and the people of hundreds of billions of rubles, and the oppressed populace has only one real means of resistance: it steals, in turn, its daily bread from the government. From ancient times theft was looked upon as a deadly sin in Russia, but today stealing from the government has become a common, universally understood fact of life, an act necessary for survival. Through theft the people recover part of their rights, and this form of self-defense causes tremendous harm to the government. Many items—wire, nails, machine oil, paint, fertilizer—simply cannot be purchased honestly anywhere in the country, but they can be stolen at one's place of employment and then sold on the black market. Materials, instruments, and foodstuffs worth billions of rubles are plundered on every industrial site and every collective farm, injecting more chaos into the production process. Children of collective farmers learn to steal at an early age. No one has any desire to work honestly for the benefit of a dishonest regime. No one is paid a fair wage, but neither does anyone exert himself to the fullest. This is true of the workman at the lathe, of the government official, and even of the scientist in his research institute: each and every one of them strives to rest during working hours in order to save his strength for evening "moonlighting" or other business. People work at an ever decreasing level of their capacity, and in important projects the management stimulates participation by engaging in its own form of deceiving the state: creating fictional but paying job-titles, or providing opportunities for illicit additional earnings.

The harshness of life, the constant feeling of hunger, cramped living quarters, and lack of time all combine to deprive women of the strength to raise children, which leads to a large number of abortions. Among the Slavic peoples in the USSR, there are four abortions for every live birth. Frequent abortions cause infertility and miscarriages—the number of the latter has been growing at 6 to 7 per cent yearly. Poor nourishment of mothers-to-be, alcoholism among women, inferior medical care, and polluted air in the cities have contributed to a rising rate of infant mortality; children who do survive are sickly, and suffer increasingly from genetic defects. The USSR today has a falling birth rate, a rising mortality rate, and a decreasing life expectancy. Calculations made before 1917, based on the birth rate of that time, projected a population of 400 million by 1985; the population today is 266 million. We are witnessing a period of irreversible population decline among the Slavic peoples in the USSR. Given the rising infertility among women in their child-bearing years and the factor of genetic inertia, the demographic slide of the Russians probably could not be arrested in the next hundred years even by beneficial political and social changes.

Above a crushed populace looms the tyrannical apparatus of the party and state, which, with its attendant machinery for propaganda and repression, numbers three million persons. This is a caste supplied in abundance with every privilege—special stores (where the highest-quality goods are sold at low prices), secret payments of money untouched by taxes, the best houses and apartments, special medical facilities, free access to health resorts, a power over the population that has virtually no legal restraints—but a caste that pays for these benefits with unquestioning and obsequious service. A member of this caste must ignore the suffering of his own people, present, past, and future: he maintains his position only so long as he is faithful to the system; he is expelled at the slightest hint of disloyalty. At the center of this group is an oligarchy of party functionaries, about a hundred thousand strong, whose desires need have no limit whatever (the ruling class of Old Russia did not live as well) and whose children have access to the same privileges, so that the oligarchy becomes hereditary.

The Soviet leaders have more than satisfied their personal needs in terms of power, veneration, and property; why, then, should they strive to overrun the world? Yet that is precisely what the Communist madness leads them to do, for they too are prisoners of an ideological system. Unrestricted finances, military might, international politics—all this is in their hands, but the West hopes in vain that the

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replacement of one leader by another will bring about a mellowing of the system. The Communist government has already lasted an excessively long time in terms of an individual life span; it has sucked the life out of its subject peoples and has corrupted and deadened the spirit by compulsory lies. The all-permeating lie is the most burdensome trait of the regime. For more than half a century, millions of people have been forced to take part in the elaborate shams of "socialist competition" and "Communist *subbotniki*" (i.e., work without pay on one's day off), in humiliating meetings, and in the crude inculcation of lies that occurs at compulsory political sessions after work. As in the early years of Communist rule, popular disturbances are crushed quickly and with great brutality (e.g., the uprisings in Novocherkassk, Aleksandrov, Murom, Krasnodar; the mutiny on a Baltic destroyer; the strikes in Perm and in several cities on the Volga). The masses are overcome by despondency and indifference: the impotence you feel when you watch your country being destroyed and defiled for two-thirds of a century. At times the suppressed frustration breaks through in the form of attacks on official Soviet monuments.

Under Communism a country is never prepared for a long and healthy economic existence. But it is always ready to strike, to seize, and to expand militarily

Religion and national consciousness are persecuted with particular relentlessness, as the regime's main enemies. Religious education of children is sternly proscribed. Each religion feels the pressure of the throttling noose. In the Baltic states Catholic priests are treacherously killed. Children are taken away from Baptists and Pentecostals and the parents thrown in prison. Harsh prison terms are handed out to Orthodox Christians: e.g., Father Gleb Yakunin; members of the seminary of Ogorodnikov and Poresh; and Krakhmalnikova, the publisher of *samizdat* anthologies of Christian readings. But the most crushing (and repeated) prison terms are reserved for those who express the aspirations of any national group under Soviet rule. Simple charity accorded to the families of prisoners by the Russian Social Fund (an organization funded by royalties from the sale of *The Gulag Archipelago* and augmented by collections within the USSR) is punished by arrest and imprisonment.

In its inhumanity, Communism has no historical precedent; before the twentieth century no country experienced anything like it, but today more than twenty lands are oppressed by it. Many times it seemed ready to collapse here or there, but it has always managed to keep its balance, while its powerful enemies, on the contrary, have been destroyed. Communism is a trap from which no nation has ever escaped. No personal tyranny can compare with ideological Communism, since every personal tyrant attains a limit of power that satisfies him. But no single country is enough to satisfy a totalitarian Communist regime. Communism is a type of virtually incomprehensible regime that is not interested in the flourishing of a country, or in the health and welfare of its people. On the contrary, Communism sacrifices both people and country to achieve its external goals.

The main goal of Communism is an irrational and fanatical urge to swallow the maximum amount of external territory and population, with the ideal limit being the entire planet. Under Communism a country is never prepared for a long and healthy economic existence. But it is always ready to strike, to seize, and to expand militarily—that is an indispensable mode of Communist existence. Thus Communist China (which is no longer the true historical China), despite its military weakness, has given organizational and material assistance to murderers—the Khmer Rouge—and has tried to ignite revolution in Indonesia. North Korea invaded the South and has been frustrated in its murderous designs only by the presence of American troops. And Vietnam, bled white in its recent victorious struggle with America, has already plunged into Cambodia; Cuba is invading Latin America and Africa; Ethiopia makes war on Eritrea; South Yemen attacks North Yemen; Angola is involved in Namibia. And it is symptomatic that Communist imperialism (in contrast to the earlier colonial variety) does not even benefit or enrich the nation that it impels to commit aggression; in fact, this is the nation it ruins first.

It is a dangerous illusion to draw distinctions between "better" and "worse" Communisms, between more peace-loving and more aggressive kinds. They are all inimical to humanity, and if one seems restrained in its behavior, this is merely because it has not yet gained military strength. If we know next to nothing about the forced-labor camps in China, North Korea, or Vietnam, this means only that people are held there in even harsher conditions than in Soviet camps: no individual and no information has been allowed to slip out. But we do know that in Addis Ababa the bodies of executed schoolboys are stacked up in rows. And priests are shot in both Albania and Angola. In all Communist states the form of property ownership is not rational or practical but "ideological." Marxism is hostile to the physical existence and the spiritual essence of every nation. It is futile to hope that a compromise with Communism will be found, or that relations will be improved by concessions and trade.

Communism is the denial of life; it is a fatal disease of a nation and the death of all humanity. And there is no nation on earth that has immunity against Communism.

There has been a great deal of excitement in the West in connection with the change of leadership in the Soviet Union, and, naturally, there are great hopes. And just as naturally, a few small but seemingly meaningful steps taken by the new leadership, particularly in the area of intellectual freedom and emigration, would be enough to "signal" that everything is improving. A survey of Soviet reality shows, however, that neither a change of leadership nor dozens of symbolic gestures could improve the situation. This can only be achieved if the life of the nation is restored to health in a fundamental way.

To improve or to correct Communism is not feasible. Communism can only be done away with—by the joint efforts of the many peoples oppressed by it. □

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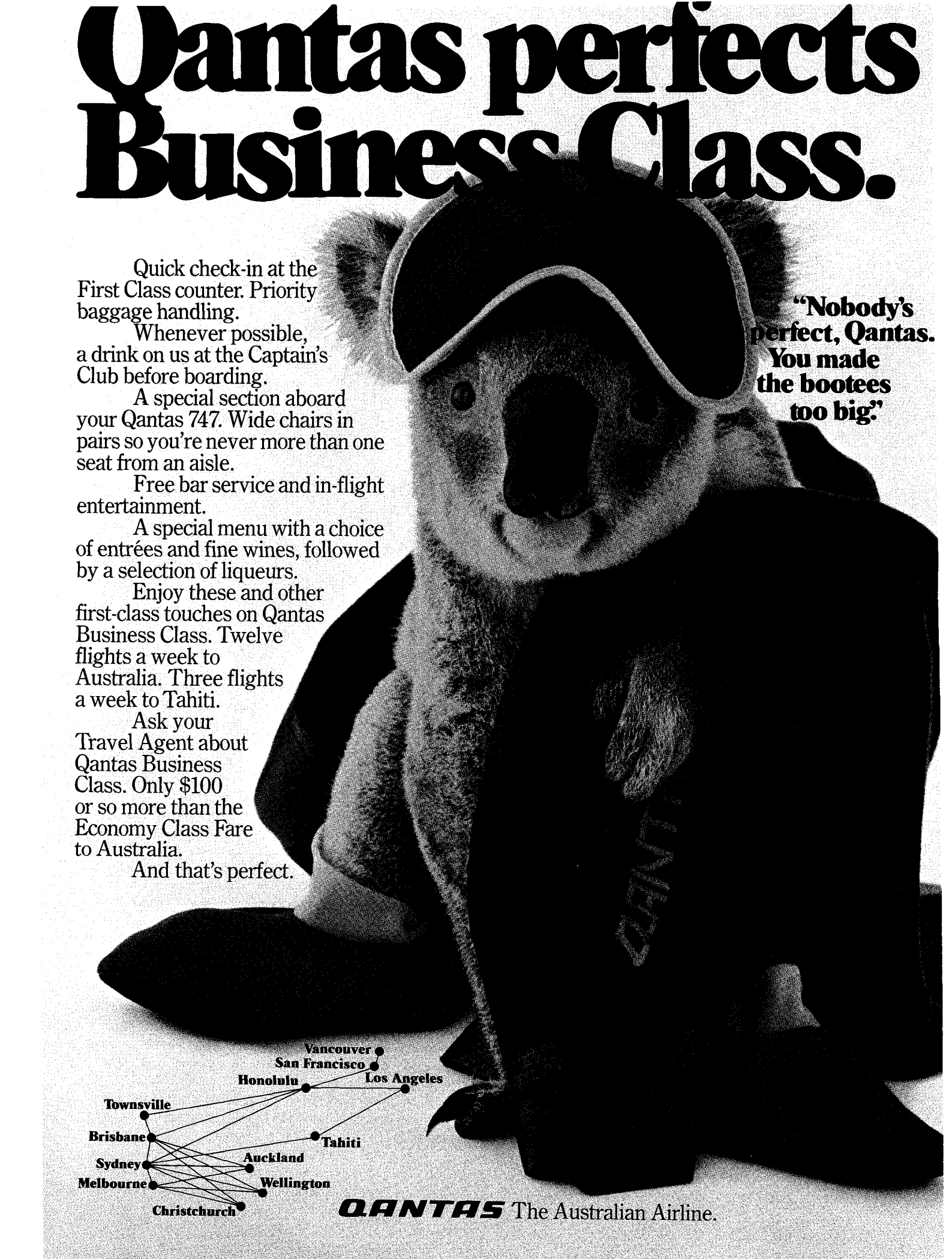

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THE LEGAL SERVICES CORPORATION

Another Round

RICHARD BROOKHISER

THE *New York Times* calls it a "wrecking operation." The alleged wreckers say they are only following the lead of the House of Representatives. The battlefield is that perennial Washingtonian Alsace-Lorraine and Novibazar, the Legal Services Corporation.

The Federal Government began giving legal help to poor people involved in civil cases in 1965. In 1974, the program, which had been run by the Office of Economic Opportunity, became an independent corporation—the LSC of today—funded by Congress and overseen by presidential appointees.

From the beginning, the LSC has been a pet of liberals—though not just liberals. James J. Kilpatrick defended it passionately: "The idea was to see that the poor person got a fair shake in his encounters with the civil law. Was he being wrongly evicted from his home? Was he being unfairly persecuted by a creditor?"

Remaking Society

Over the years, however, the stray wisps of conservative support evaporated. The fears of critics who had seen Legal Services lawyers in action at the Office of Economic Opportunity proved to be justified: the program—while continuing to help individual poor people—became a hatchery for political projects, many of them quite unrelated to poverty.

One Legal Services group in Chicago brought suit against the Hyde Amendment (abortion as inalienable right). Another took the state of Texas to court for failing to educate the children of illegal aliens (illegal services?). Prison reform is a nationwide favorite. There have also been suits on behalf of high-school students and homosexuals.

"The Corporation is heavily influenced by ideological activists," Kilpatrick concluded sadly two years ago. "Their passions cannot be fired by the humdrum fuel of a custody case. They see their role as a remaking of society."

The Reagan Administration struck fast and hard at the would-be remakers. Reagan's first budget included no funds for the LSC, and there were threats to veto any congressional attempt to save it. The House did save it; it also cut the LSC's budget by one-fourth and cracked down on several of the activities conservatives had found most obnoxious. Congress never completed action on the bill, but the two Houses agreed on a continuing resolution to keep the LSC alive.

The continuing resolution's language on class-action suits lies at the center of the present storm. The class-action suit—a suit filed not in the name of a particular individual or group, but on behalf of an entire class of persons—is one of the main occasions of judicial law-making, and a bane of conservative lawyers and legal scholars. Any case, of course, may have relevance beyond the parties involved. Any decision can become a precedent; and judges may (these days, often do) weave into their rulings larger reflections on the state of things. But class-action suits aim at large targets. They intend to make law. They can call programs into being and command the public purse—all on the say-so of a willing judge. They have been a shaft in the quiver of the Legal Services Corporation for years.

The current continuing resolution—passed last October—permits class-action suits only "in accordance with policies or regulations adopted by the board of directors" of the Corporation. This was a restrictive move; class-action suits could, in the past, be authorized by local offices of the Corporation. By putting them under the board's control, the resolution sought to "guard against the misuse of such actions." The House had wanted to be even more hardline; its bill forbade them altogether.

Thus armed, Reagan's chairman of the board of the LSC decided to propose some regulations—and earned the *Times*'s nomination for the wrecking industry.

William Harvey, age fifty, came to Legal Services from the Indiana University School of Law at Indianapolis, where he teaches. He takes a dim view of courtroom legislation. "The point is not, how can you be against bathrooms in prisons? It's where is the money going to come from. All those lawsuits mean is a higher sales tax. From the Legal Services point of view, the people being [most badly] screwed are the people who are out of work." Together with another Reagan appointee, William Olson—a 33-year-old Washington lawyer and former YAFer—Harvey set out to subject class-action suits to cost-benefit analysis.

The Harvey-Olson proposal, as it became known, nixes any suit that would have the effect of raising taxes or diverting money from one program to another. Since the vast majority of class-action suits do just that, the proposal was seen, correctly, as an attack on the practice.

Get the Reformers

The *Times* was not amused. "Ridiculous, but not amusing," it said. Fortunately, there was a way of disciplining the miscreants. Harvey and Olson, and most of their colleagues on the board, were recess appointees—place-holders picked during congressional vacations. Fifty-three senators, led by Kennedy and Metzenbaum, with the acquiescence of Howard Baker, announced that they would vote to reject the pair when nominations for permanent slots came up. The Reagan Administration responded by withdrawing all of its nominations.

The end is not in sight. The President's distaste for Legal Services lawyers goes back to his days as governor. And from its side, the Corporation will fight like a baited badger, with heavy media and professional support. (Bar associations value the LSC both as a source of jobs and as an alternative to *pro bono* work.)

One way of living without the Legal Services Corporation would be some form of Judicare—allowing the lawyers of poor clients to submit their bills to the government. Another alternative, suggested by Ed Meese, is to offer tax incentives to law firms that encourage junior lawyers to do the work, supervised by senior partners. Both would cut down on class-action hunting expeditions and draw the attention of lawyers away from platonic conceptions of society and back to their clients and the "humdrum" tasks Kilpatrick wrote of. Meanwhile, the fight goes on. □

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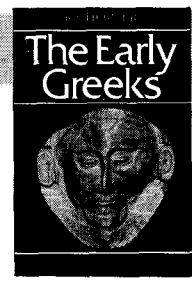

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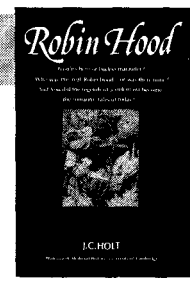

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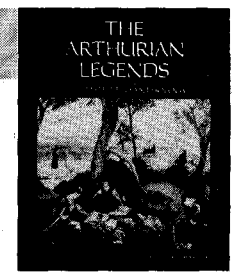

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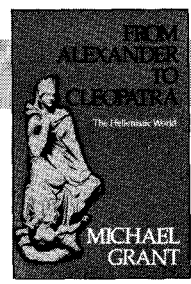

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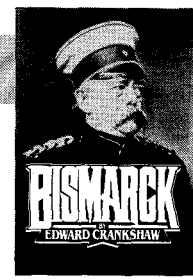

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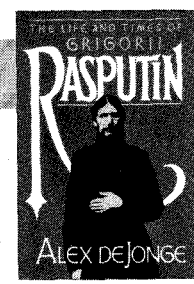

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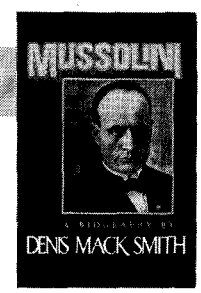

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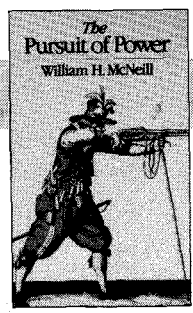

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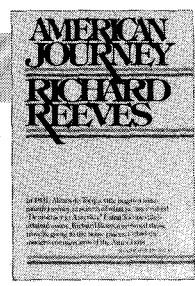

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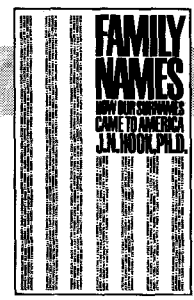

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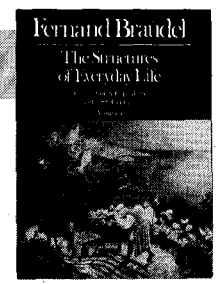

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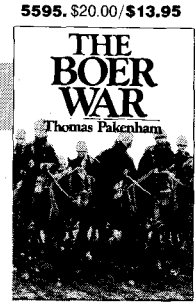

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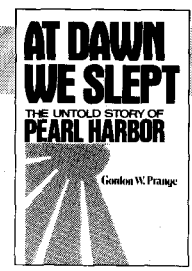

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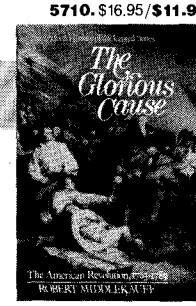

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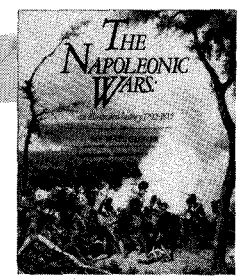

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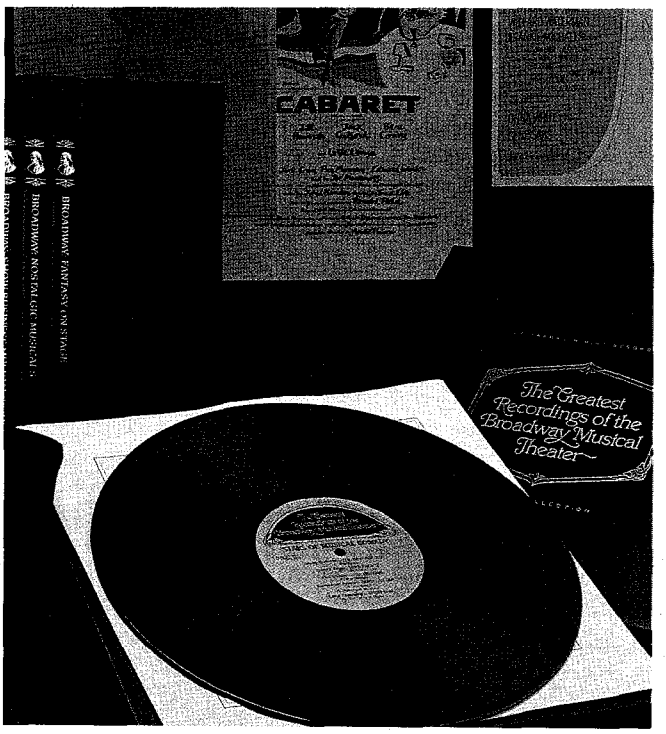

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AFGHANISTAN

War on a Shoestring

KEVIN LYNCH

Is'haq Gailani hardly resembles a man with a price on his head. Gazing serenely at the sidewalks of New York, he appears comfortably at ease and at home. Gailani, however, is a stranger to New York and the United States. His home is in the Himalayas; his occupation is commanding a force of 100,000 freedom fighters in the Ghazni region of Afghanistan. Because Gailani is expert at what he does, Soviet authorities have promised $40,000 to the man who kills him.

Less than five years ago, Syed Is'haq Gailani was studying politics and law at Teheran University in Iran. Upon completion of his studies, he intended to take his wife and daughter back to Kabul, where he would begin practicing law. But events there caused him to change his plans drastically. In 1978, the Soviets engineered a coup that resulted in the death of Afghanistan's President Mohammad Daud and the installation of Mohammad Taraki, whose most important qualification was his undoubted servility to the Kremlin. Shortly after the coup, Gailani returned home without his family, to join the resistance against the Soviet troops who were bolstering the Taraki regime. He was there, in December 1979, when the Soviets launched their full-scale invasion, pouring eighty thousand troops into the country.

Though the invasion caught most Afghans by surprise, they recovered with astonishing speed. "Fighting comes naturally to every Afghan," the thirty-year-old Gailani explains. "It's in his blood." Gailani's ancestors proved this to Genghis Khan and Tamerlane, and he and his countrymen have been proving it to Brezhnev and Andropov. Doing what comes naturally, the ragtag armies of *mujahedin,* representing various Afghan ethnic groups, took to the mountains and began waging a guerrilla war that has denied the Soviets control of most of the countryside. When the Soviets launched their invasion, they had expected to overrun the country in a matter of weeks. They know better now, three years later.

Several months ago a defector from the regime of the Soviet puppet Babrak Karmal—who succeeded Hafizullah Amin, who succeeded Taraki—claimed that as much as 90 per cent of Afghanistan was controlled by the resistance. More recently a Western journalist returning from a week with the resistance lamented that his closest brush with the Russians was a glimpse of the flashing lights of a Soviet helicopter gunship. Gailani, with a smile that is very close to a taunt, volunteers to escort any visitor on a tour that will include every province of Afghanistan. Yet no one, least of all Gailani, denies the terrible damage the Soviets are inflicting on his country.

At the time the Soviets attacked, an estimated 15 to 17 million people lived in this Himalayan country, which is slightly larger than France. So far about four million Afghans—one-quarter of the pre-war population—have fled into neighboring Pakistan and Iran, earning them the melancholy distinction of being the largest group of refugees in the world. Despite the often harsh conditions in the overcrowded camps, however, they are far more fortunate than the ones who can't or won't flee—these have had to meet the attacks of the most powerful war machine in the world.

In Hungary in 1956 and in Czecho-

The European-based Permanent Tribunal of Peoples, meeting in Paris from December 16 to 20, 1982, questioned numbers of witnesses on Soviet activities in Afghanistan (freedom fighters, diplomats, doctors, scientists, refugees, newspapermen) and issued a 33-page report summarizing the testimony it had taken and condemning the Soviet Union for violations of international conventions on the Rules of War.

The Tribunal found that the Soviet Union had: a) used "prohibited projectiles" (dum-dum and poisoned bullets); b) murdered or summarily executed Afghan freedom fighters who had been wounded or captured, in an apparent "no survivor" policy; c) attacked villages believed to shelter combatants without regard to the safety of noncombatants, including old people, women, and children; d) set villages to the torch and destroyed crops and farm animals, causing the exodus of millions of refugees to other countries, "reaching major proportions since early 1980, which is to say after the Soviet aggression"; and e) sacked, burned, and destroyed the cultural and religious heritage of the Afghan people.

The Tribunal condemned these Soviet practices as incompatible with the Rules of War,

- which admit as legitimate only those attacks directed against military objectives;
- which protect the cultural heritage of a people;
- which protect, even in times of war, the elementary rights of those people who do not take direct part in the hostilities;
- which accord to hospitals a special protection. ("It has been established that even when well marked [with red crosses] these installations have been the object of attacks by the Soviet Union in total disregard of the Rules of War.")

The Tribunal also condemned "in this regard the contempt for human life revealed by the conduct of the Soviet troops in Afghanistan. [The Tribunal] seeks to focus attention on the apparent correlation between the systematic destruction of villages and means of subsistence, on the one hand, and, on the other, the exodus of [nearly four million] Afghans. This expulsion of the inhabitants from parts of the territory that the occupation forces have not succeeded in controlling is in flagrant violation of the elementary rights of these people."

The Tribunal also regretted "the ease with which the United Nations, under the fallacious pretext that scientific knowledge is lacking, has backed away from its fundamental mission of inquiry and information on charges that chemical and bacteriological weapons have been used in Afghanistan."

Mr. Lynch is an executive editor at NATIONAL REVIEW.

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slovakia in 1968, the Soviets were, in theory, coming to the rescue of fellow members of the Warsaw Pact, and thus were somewhat inhibited in their methods. Afghanistan, however, was an independent country—no holds were barred. The *mujahedin* have been given a display of practically every weapon in the Soviet arsenal, from land mines, to boobytrapped toys, to chemical bombs. Civilian casualties are now estimated at between half a million and a million. Hundreds of villages have been wiped out.

The Soviets, says Gailani, have used chemical warfare primarily in the northern part of the country, above the area where his own group of fighters operates, but Ghazni hasn't totally escaped. A report released by the State Department supports what Gailani says. About two hundred deaths in Ghazni province have been attributed to Soviet chemical warfare, while Badakhshan, the northernmost province in the country and the one closest to the Soviet border, has suffered some two thousand deaths. From 1979 to 1981, according to the State Department, over three thousand Afghans died in chemical attacks.

The Soviets also rely on more conventional weapons, including old-fashioned terror. They savagely punish Afghan towns suspected of aiding the *mujahedin*. When two Soviet armored cars came under attack in Kandahar, the second largest city after Kabul, the Soviets unleashed an artillery and air bombardment that killed several hundred civilians. When the bombing was finished, Soviet troops ravaged the city.

The Soviets treat their own side almost as brutally as they treat the resistance. Gailani says soldiers of the Afghan army, most of them press-ganged into uniform, are often forced to walk in front of the Soviet tanks; this way they either advance or are crushed to death. With few exceptions, in turn, any Soviet soldiers captured by the *mujahedin* remain only a brief time in captivity. Five captured Soviet soldiers are now in Switzerland, but it's not known whether any more will follow them. If resistance leaders had a reliable means of funneling their POWs to the West, they would undoubtedly take advantage of it, but they don't have the resources to keep prisoners in Afghanistan. "At least we just shoot our prisoners," says Gailani. "We don't torture them and then kill them the way the Soviets do with our men."

Confronted by an enemy that has an awesome advantage in weapons, if fighting weren't in their blood, the Afghans would surely have succumbed long ago. The press has carried many suggestive reports of weapons being smuggled to the resistance by the West, but Gailani dismisses them as greatly exaggerated. "When Sadat was alive," he says, "Egypt supplied some weapons," primarily old Russian arms, mementos of that country's days as a Soviet client. Since Sadat's assassination, however, that source has almost completely dried up. What arms the *mujahedin* have are usually obtained in one of two ways: from Afghans who defect from the steadily shrinking Afghan puppet army, or from Soviet soldiers who are captured or killed. It is for this reason that Gailani left his mountain redoubt to come to the United States. The resistance desperately needs weapons. "We are as determined as we ever were to defeat the Russians," Gailani says, "but we need help and we aren't receiving any."

Shortly after the fighting began, officials high in the Carter Administration started hinting that the U.S. was supplying weapons to the Afghans. The Reagan Administration has followed a similar pattern, flashing subtle signals, all of them off the record, that the Administration is doing its best for the Afghans. Gailani has heard plenty of such talk during his visit, but he has never seen any weapons. Perhaps resistance groups in other parts of the country have received some arms from the United States, he says, but Ghazni province, the area he is most familiar with, has received nothing.

GAILANI CAME to America with great expectations. He believed that once Americans learned about the war—about the chemical weapons and about the gaily colored exploding toys that have taken off little children's arms—they would rally behind the Afghans. But nothing he has learned on his trip encourages him to believe that anything will change. After two months in the country, he is returning to Afghanistan

(Continues on page 69)

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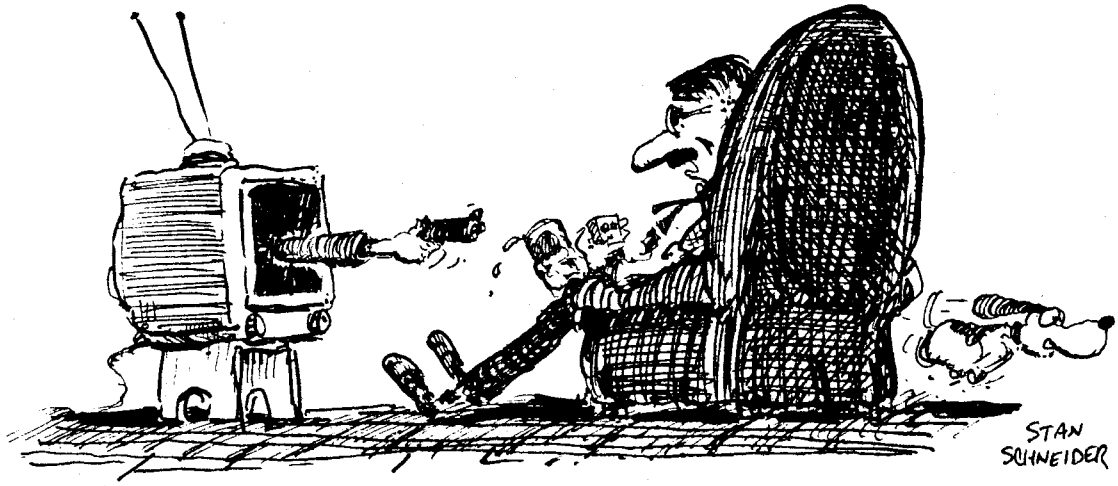
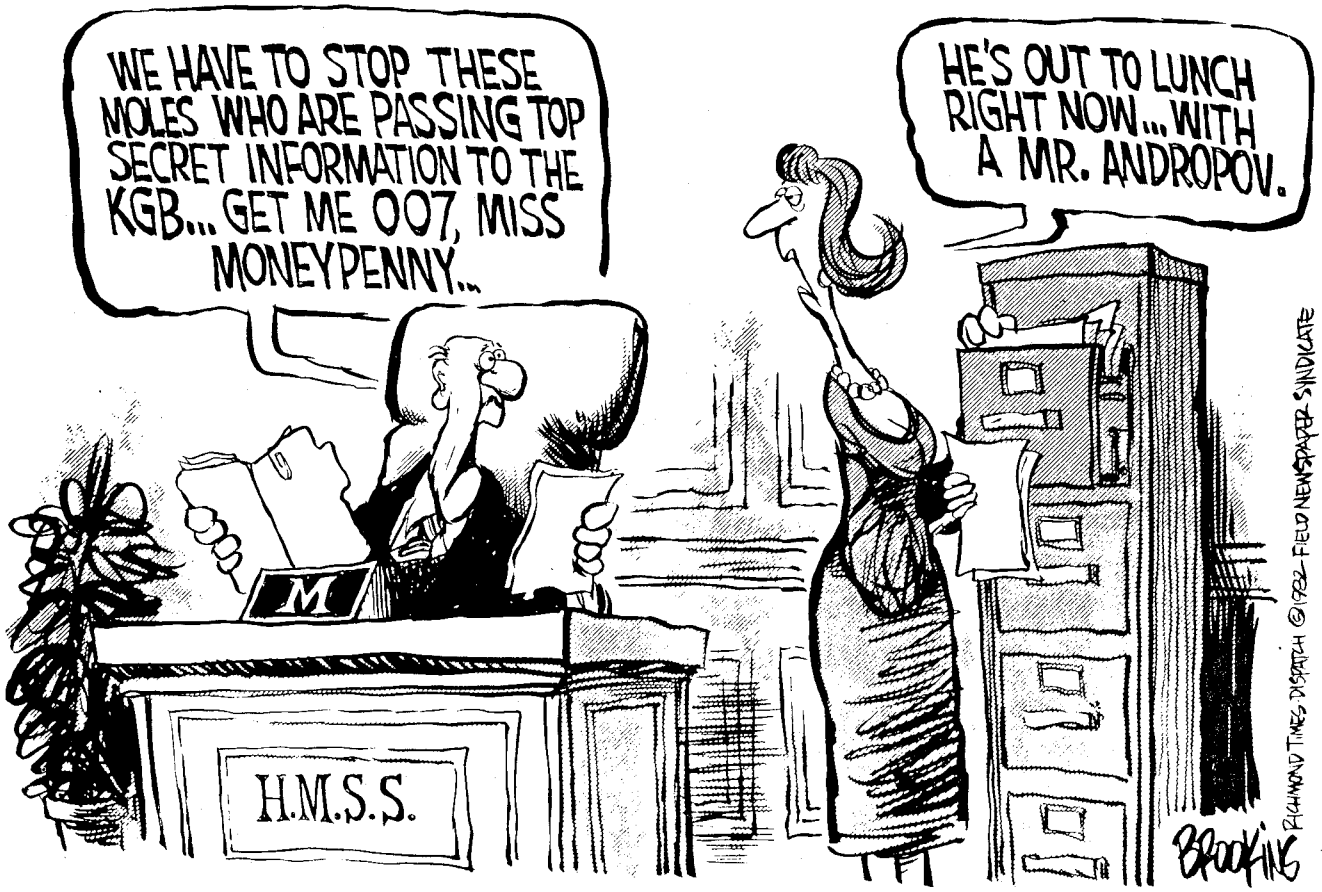
The Great Stone Face

The winds they blow, the blizzards roar,
But in his snowshoes crying, More!
Stands grandma's soldier from the South,
Who's got to be the biggest mouth
Since Ethel Merman hit the stage:
That country congressman and sage,
Claude Pepper. (If I couldn't chew,
I might go wild about him, too.)

W. H. VON DREELE

"Shouldn't I have these notarized first?"

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M
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LETTER FROM TORONTO

Who's Crazy Now?

DAVID FRUM

SINCE 1962, at least four hundred perfectly sane men and women have been declared insane by Soviet mental-health authorities and committed to mental hospitals because of religious or political opinions. These dissidents are not sentenced to a term of imprisonment, but are "treated" until they "recover"—that is, until they recant the offending beliefs. They are surrounded by the genuinely—often violently—insane. They are treated with powerful tranquilizers that cripple the memory, lump the emotions, scramble the powers of concentration, and undermine the ability to think.

The political abuse of psychiatry by the Soviet Union exists because Soviet psychiatrists are willing to diagnose the healthy as sick, and because their Western colleagues have until now let them get away with it. This summer, that may change.

At its convention in Vienna in July, the World Psychiatric Association (WPA) will consider a resolution proposed by the (British) Royal College of Psychiatrists to expel Soviet psychiatrists from the association. That resolution has already won the support of the psychiatrists of France, Norway, Australia, New Zealand, Holland, Denmark, Switzerland, and the United States. Because of the WPA's weighted voting system —one vote for every hundred psychiatrists, up to a maximum of thirty votes per country—these nine democracies have 119 votes, 38 short of a majority. (The Soviet Union, the other countries of the Warsaw Pact, Cuba, and Vietnam together have sixty votes.) The most important of the psychiatric associations still uncommitted are Japan (thirty votes), Canada (13 votes), and West Germany (ten votes). Some of the smaller associations, like those of Sweden and Belgium, are also uncommitted. In short, the British resolution has a good chance of success.

The success has been a long time coming. Detailed evidence of the abuse of psychiatry by the Soviet Union has been available in the West since 1971. At the 1971 WPA conference, the psychiatrists of the democratic world did nothing; then, at the 1977 conference, they issued a perfunctory condemnation and established a commission to study the matter further.

In the mid-Sixties the leaders of the WPA were proud to have induced the Soviets to join their organization. Rather than jeopardize that coup by rebuking the Soviets for their behavior, they opted to conduct a "dialogue"—which amounted, in practice, to condoning Soviet psychiatric abuses. But over the past dozen years, individual psychiatrists, disgusted at these abuses, have crusaded against the toleration of them by their leadership. What incenses these psychiatrists is not so much the cruelty of Soviet political hospitals, for Soviet jails are cruel too, but the perversion of medical science.

In order to justify hospitalizing the sane, Soviet psychiatrists have invented a new mental illness: "sluggish schizophrenia." As the Soviets readily admit, sluggish schizophrenia is never noticed by the "schizophrenic" himself. Nor will his most intimate associates detect anything at all odd about him. His work will be unaffected; it may even be brilliant. He will, however, exhibit "reformist delusions," or "moralizing opinions," or "maladaptation to the social environment," or "over-evaluation of his own ideas." Zhores Medvedev, the geneticist, was found to have a split personality because he was both a scientist and a poet. Former Major General Pyotr Grigorenko was found insane because "all his energy and activity were 'devoted' to the fight for 'truth' and the creation of conditions which would exclude injustice from the life of the community."

Soviet psychiatrists not only deliberately misdiagnose their patients, they intentionally make the well sick by injecting them with personality-destroying drugs. For that, no doctor could forgive them.

Will the expulsion of Soviet psychiatrists from the World Psychiatric Association help Soviet political inmates? Almost certainly, yes. The Soviet Union is very sensitive to international public opinion. Publicity surrounding Soviet political hospitals in the last few years has kept authorities from consigning well-known dissidents to them. Publicity is exactly what these hospitals were supposed to avoid; expulsion of the USSR from the World Psychiatric Association will shine the spotlight on them. Moreover, it has long been the policy of the Soviet Union to belong to every international organization. If the price of belonging to the WPA is to use mental hospitals as hospitals and not as prisons, many, including Vladimir Bukovsky, believe they will pay it.

THE LEADERS of the Canadian Psychiatric Association are inclined to vote against expulsion. They believe in "dialogue." They want to give Andropov a chance, and they drone on about South Africa's sins in these matters. (It is psychologically interesting that people who, despite overwhelming evidence, cannot be convinced that the Soviet Union abuses psychiatry, are convinced that South Africa does, even though Amnesty International exonerated it from this charge in 1978.)

The faith in "dialogue" exhibited by these Canadian psychiatrists is still, sadly, prevalent in many of the world's psychiatric associations, and is in very large part responsible for the prolonged career of Soviet psychiatric terror. This summer, the world's psychiatrists could change that, if three things happen: those countries committed to voting against the Soviet Union must not change their mind; 38 more votes must be found; and a proposed change in the weighting of votes must be beaten back.

The President of the Canadian Psychiatric Association, to justify his hesitation to vote against the USSR, said, "I believe that communication is preferable to excommunication." Vladimir Bukovsky, himself a victim of Soviet psychiatry and the man who sent much of the documentation of its abuses to the West, replies: "Excommunication is communication. It sends the strongest message possible that these practices are unacceptable and must stop." □

Mr. Frum is a Canadian journalist whose last NR *article was "A Memo to the Freshman Class" (Oct. 1, 1982).*

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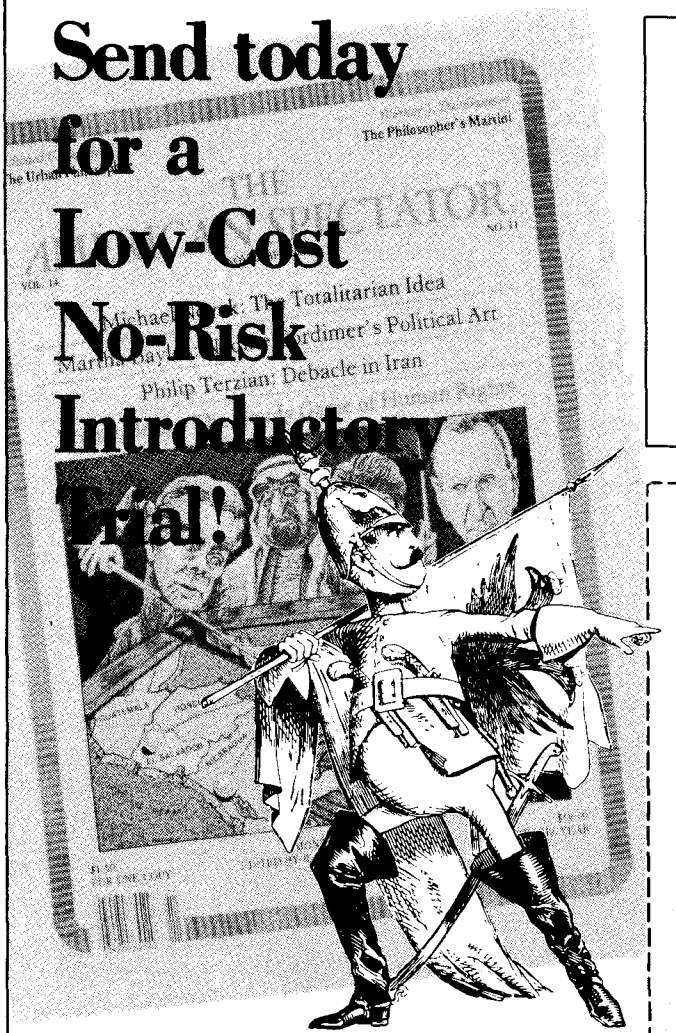

*On December 31, 1980, the **Washington Post** listed **The American Spectator** as Washington's "In" magazine, replacing the **New Republic**.

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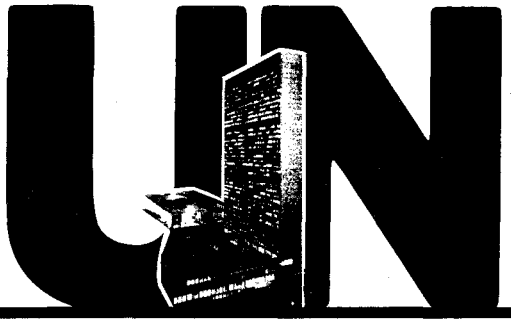
MARY SCHWARZ

Jeane Kirkpatrick: Our Macho UN Ambassador



THE FOREIGN PRESS CENTER of the U.S. Information Agency in New York is packed late one afternoon with foreign journalists eager to get a close look at Jeane J. Kirkpatrick, the U.S. Ambassador to the UN. The view of St. Patrick's Cathedral from the windows contrasts sharply with the Press Center's post-Bauhaus interior—Danish modern furniture upholstered in primary colors, bright graphics hung on white walls, a few plants clustered in the corners.

Mrs. Kirkpatrick is rushed in—her schedule is a grueling one—and seated facing the dense rows of foreign newsmen in dark suits. She has drawn the Press Center's biggest crowd this year, rivaled only by Mayor Koch's visit. A little out of breath, she dispenses with introductory remarks and invites questions from her audience. She is neatly but informally dressed in a light green shirt and dark green skirt and sweater.

A Belgian reporter asks her about a cartoon that had appeared in a Washington newspaper. "You are being asked about the difference between totalitarian and authoritarian governments," he says, "and you say in totalitarian government there is much murder, but in authoritarian government . . ."

"They leave that to the private sector," Mrs. Kirkpatrick finishes for him, and laughs. "I remember that cartoon very well."

The Belgian continues: "That's how many Europeans see the human-rights traditions of the American Government. Many Europeans see little fundamental difference between the Russian policy in Poland and the American policy in El Salvador. Can you comment on that?"

Mrs. Kirkpatrick pauses. "I, ah, yes . . . with pleasure . . . and a great deal of self-restraint. I would say, first of all, that if there is any group in the world capable of understanding that difference and its relevance to human-rights policies which that cartoon was a caricature of, it's the Europeans. Let's take France for example. France has provided a model throughout the years of how to maintain good relationships with a wide variety of governments." Mrs. Kirkpatrick touches on the decision of the French government to provide easy credit to the Soviets for the building of the Trans-Siberian pipeline, quoting from French newspapers. "I know no European nation that now or in the past has made the moral status of its partners its only desideratum for diplomatic or economic relations. Maybe you do. If you do, you have a very different reading of history than I do. That's the answer to the first part of your question."

Jeane Kirkpatrick is eloquent. Her voice is low and authoritative, and she uses it dramatically, shifting speeds, from a slow drawl to throwaway adumbrations. "As for the second part of your question," she continues, "I find it so farfetched that I'm a little uncertain how to respond. I would say that anyone who believes the U.S. relationship to El Salvador is symmetrical to the Soviets' relationship to Poland, or any other Warsaw Pact country, simply doesn't know very much about them. Because the relationships of the Soviet Union to the Warsaw Pact countries are quite clearly relations which are ultimately maintained by a heavy and, if necessary, direct use of force. Armies, that sort of thing. An example of what happens to an Eastern European country that attempts to move out of the Soviet bloc can be found in Hungary in 1956, in Czechoslovakia in 1968, in East Germany earlier than that, and in Poland today. What," she catches her breath and laughs in amazement, "what the Soviet Union finds intolerable in Poland is the development of institutions independent of the state. There is no more important objective of U.S. policy in Salvador than to encourage, nurture, and preserve institutions independent of the state."

As the questions continue, Mrs. Kirkpatrick's black-framed aviator-style glasses, which cover most of her face, come on and off. The newsmen find her difficult. "Her answers are too long," they complain afterward. What they mean is that she is too smart. Asked a third time about Ed Koch's suggestion that the UN be moved from New York, Mrs. Kirkpatrick simply says, "I'm not going to answer that question because there's a real minefield around it." But most of the time, she picks her way through the minefield. What about NATO? she is asked. Could it break up? She becomes conversational, almost chatty for a moment. "You know," she says, smiling, "one of the more astute political philosophers I've read commented that in talking about history one had to begin from the proposition that anything is possible. And that the significant question is always, 'What's probable?' not 'What's possible?' It is not probable that NATO will break apart."

Although a relative newcomer to it, Mrs. Kirkpatrick handles her role as a government spokesman with ease. As

Miss Schwarz, a former associate editor of NATIONAL REVIEW, *is a program officer with the John M. Olin Foundation.*

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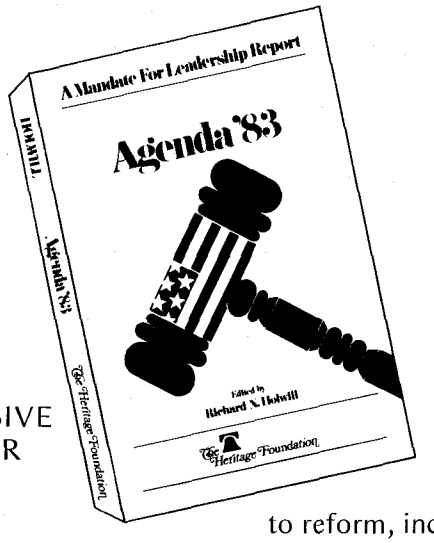

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a professor of political science at Georgetown University, she was concerned with the same policy questions that concern her now, but she had had no experience as a diplomat. "What should I be like?" she asked Charles Lichenstein, a close friend for almost 25 years, and now her chief advisor on press affairs.

"Be like whatever you are," he told her.

"Should I act like a teacher?" she asked.

"If that's what you're comfortable being, of course," he told her. "Give exactly the answer you want to give."

With her considerable knowledge of foreign affairs, her analytical powers, and her ability to speak to the point, Mrs. Kirkpatrick is a compelling spokesman indeed. Following a three-hour question-and-answer session at B'nai Jeshurun Temple on New York City's Upper West Side last winter, the liberal audience excitedly crowded together on the sidewalk to exchange impressions. For an evening, they had almost been convinced of the Soviet threat and the necessity of a strong U.S. response.

The choice of Mrs. Kirkpatrick as UN Ambassador was an interesting one. UN protocol demands circumlocution; Mrs. Kirkpatrick is straightforward. UN delegates regularly practice deception; intellectual honesty is the essence of Mrs. Kirkpatrick's character. More important, the UN is often used to promote the superordination of diplomacy over foreign policy, while Mrs. Kirkpatrick has substantive foreign-policy objectives.

A Portuguese journalist asks if the U.S. has been successful in its "propaganda efforts" to sell its policy in Central America. The brows arch. The mouth purses. "I don't think," Mrs. Kirkpatrick says, enunciating each syllable, "there's been many . . ." She backs up. "I don't *think* . . . that the United States has been engaged in ideological debate for quite some time."

If any important figure in the Administration is currently engaged in ideological debate on the foreign-policy front, it is Jeane Kirkpatrick. Both at the UN and in her public appearances, at home and abroad, her message is that "the defense of American interests is tantamount to the defense of national independence, liberal democracy, and human rights throughout the world." Our defense, she has written, "should be viewed as a moral imperative."

At the UN, she has made herself heard. According to Michael Novak, then U.S. Representative to the UN Human Rights Commission, "more than any other person, she's shaping the argument. At least the arguments are now focused on issues she's raised"—with the effect that Mrs. Kirkpatrick is today ranked among the best two or three UN ambassadors—possibly *the* best—the U.S. has ever had. "I asked one of my predecessors in the job, 'Why did you let me take it?'" she told me, "and he said, 'Because I never dreamed you'd take it so seriously.'"

Unlike most of her predecessors, Mrs. Kirkpatrick is neither a politician nor a lawyer. She is a political scientist trained to think carefully about institutions and how they work. As chief officer of the U.S. Mission to the UN, she is systematically, relentlessly, doing all she can to understand how the UN functions, and to use that understanding to change what she calls its political culture, which consists heavily of anti-Americanism. "We are ignored, deplored, despised, and reviled," Mrs. Kirkpatrick has been quoted as saying about the position of the U.S. at the United Nations. Although the U.S. is the largest assessed contributor to the institutional coffers (25 per cent) and spends almost $1 billion a year when voluntary contributions to the various UN agencies are taken into account, we often vote alone.

In fact, the United States' position in the UN is much worse than its position in the real world—a situation that has been able to develop, according to Mrs. Kirkpatrick, because of the general acceptance of two fundamental principles. They are 1) that none of the major Western powers must ever answer an attack; and 2) that what is said and done inside the UN must never affect relations with the U.S. outside the UN. Among the earliest policy decisions Mrs. Kirkpatrick made as UN ambassador were 1) that we will *always* answer back when the U.S. is attacked; and 2) that attacks on the U.S. by nations who consider themselves our friends *will* affect our other relations with those countries.

Eight months into her tenure as ambassador, in September 1981, Jeane Kirkpatrick made it very clear that she was serious about this. The Non-Aligned Movement (read: Third World) had just held its annual meeting to settle on an agenda for the upcoming session of the General Assembly. The NAM is the most powerful voting bloc in the UN; by virtue of numerical superiority, it controls the UN's agenda, its debates, and most of its decisions. It contains all the African and Arab, most of the Asian, and some Latin American countries—93 of the total 157. Its dominant ideologies, whether political, religious, or social, are anti-Western. Since 1979, the NAM has been chaired by a Cuban.

This time, as every other time, the NAM's agenda, issued in the form of a communiqué, was anti-American. The U.S. was accused of committing an act of aggression in shooting down two Libyan planes over the Gulf of Sidra, and of trying "to destabilize" Grenada and Nicaragua. The communiqué made no mention of the invasions of Afghanistan, Cambodia, or Chad.

Because the NAM works by consensus, objection by a sin-

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gle member to the attacks on the U.S. would have removed them from the agenda. In a letter to the forty members of the NAM considered friendly to the United States, Mrs. Kirkpatrick demanded an explanation for their support of "base lies and malicious attacks upon the good name of the United States."

"Your Excellency," she wrote to each of the ambassadors in question, "I think you no more believe these vicious lies than I do and I do not believe they are an accurate reflection of your government's outlook. And yet what are we to think when your government joins in such charges, for that is what you have done in failing to dissociate yourself from them." The immediate results were predictable enough. The United States received apologies from some, backhanded insults from others. But the point was made.

The result of Jeane Kirkpatrick's policy of replying to everything and everyone, according to Burt Pines, head of the Heritage Foundation's UN Assessment Project, is that anti-U.S. rhetoric is no longer within the normal bounds of UN conversation. And though the U.S. still regularly votes with the minority, it has been losing by smaller margins since Mrs. Kirkpatrick's advent.

Shortly after Mrs. Kirkpatrick wrote her letter to the non-aligned bloc, Senator (and former UN Ambassador) Daniel Patrick Moynihan sponsored a bill that would require the State Department to report to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee which countries had "dissociated" themselves from the NAM communiqué. That report would be taken into consideration when foreign aid is allocated. (Mrs. Kirkpatrick and Moynihan discuss UN matters frequently, and, as an aide to Moynihan put it, "What appeals to one appeals to the other.") The Foreign Aid Authorization bill was duly passed and signed by the President. It does not actually prevent U.S. foreign-aid money from going to our detractors at the UN, but it does act as a salutary reminder. "Our overall strategy," says Carl Gershman, Mrs. Kirkpatrick's political counselor, "is to introduce more accountability into voting by making their actions have an effect."

The UN's detachment from the world at large is reinforced by the fact that many diplomats from Third World countries do not even report home. Changing this practice is another tactic in the Kirkpatrick team's strategy. Since Mrs. Kirkpatrick has been at the UN, the United States has been actively lobbying in the capitals of many member nations, and those efforts are bearing fruit. Nowadays, says Charles Lichenstein, "if a diplomat votes against the U.S., he's liable to get a phone call from the home government asking why the U.S. ambassador is so angry." Vigorous lobbying in the capitals and strong argument were responsible for the censure of Polish martial law by the Human Rights Commission, which had never before censured an Eastern European country for human-rights violations.

"If we are to stay in the UN, then we have to learn to play politics," Mrs. Kirkpatrick says. "We've treated multilateral diplomacy as though it were an unimportant side to our bilateral diplomacy. It's not. We must treat multilateral diplomacy not as diplomacy, but as politics." Suiting the action to the word, the U.S. delegation has, for the past year, been encouraging a change of direction among the moderate Third World members, many of whom have been restive over Cuba's leadership of the Non-Aligned Movement.

Since the NAM works by consensus, a pro-Western movement within it would lead the bloc to genuine non-alignment. The Soviets would continue to escape criticism, but so would we. To this end, Mrs. Kirkpatrick and her team have gone about shoring up the moderates by making explicit the United States' interest in the success of a moderate caucus and by encouraging countries like Colombia and Venezuela to join the NAM in order to strengthen the moderates' hand. The caucus has already worked in our interest on several important occasions, starting in the fall of 1981, when the NAM proposed a very harsh resolution in the General Assembly to the effect that the U.S. was trying to destabilize Nicaragua and so forth. It was killed by Egypt, Pakistan, Jamaica, and Venezuela, joined by other Latin American democracies and by four African countries —Zaire, Botswana, Nigeria, and Chad.

A harder problem is the successful use the Soviet bloc has made of the UN to obscure its own practices by focusing attention on South Africa and various non-Communist countries in Latin America. For instance, among current events the United Nations is ignoring, the Polish situation and the Afghan refugees would rank high. At the same time, Chile, South Africa, Israel, and El Salvador are repeatedly denounced for human-rights violations.

> I don't think,' Mrs. Kirkpatrick says, 'that the United States has been engaged in ideological debate for quite some time'

One reason the Soviets have such success with this maneuver is that many of the nations represented in the UN find political reality an uncomfortable matter they prefer to ignore. A former State Department official tells of a representative from Ghana who gave a moving speech to the General Assembly on the importance of free elections and full franchise. When he had finished, he was asked, "How long has it been since you've had a free election in Ghana? Don't you feel strange faulting another country for a situation that exists in your own?" The reply was unhesitating: "Can't a man admire flowers if he has no garden?"

The U.S. delegation has made this double standard on human rights a major topic of conversation among UN members. In November 1981, Mrs. Kirkpatrick shook the Third Committee of the General Assembly with a speech in which she declared: "South Africa, Israel, and the non-Communist nations of South America have been the principal targets of United Nations human-rights condemnation . . . because they have been unorganized and unprotected in this body in which from time to time moral outrage is distributed like violence in a protection racket." Again and again Mrs. Kirkpatrick has hammered away at the point that the governments guilty of the worst abuses have escaped the UN's notice: that human-rights agencies of the United Nations ignored Pol Pot's slaughter of three million Cambodians; that resolutions have been passed condemning El Salvador, Guatemala, Chile, and Bolivia, but the Vietnamese and the Soviets have yet to be censured for their barbaric use of chemical warfare in Laos, Cambodia, and Afghanistan.

Though a single standard for all countries will never be established at the UN, U.S. criticism of the double standard

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has considerably strengthened the position of countries that used to bear the brunt of UN resolutions on human rights. As a result of U.S. efforts, the non-Communist Latin American countries are beginning to organize and defend themselves. Pro-Western African states have been shored up by the restored moral standing of the U.S., and the Western European delegates, generally sympathetic to left-wing ideologies, have been put on the defensive. These days, if the Western Europeans launch an attack on Chile, for instance, a U.S. or Latin American delegate can be counted on to bring up the question of their silence about the more than one million Cuban refugees. (Cuba has never been the subject of a UN human-rights investigation.)

> Mrs. Kirkpatrick is today ranked among the best two or three UN ambassadors—possibly *the* best—the U.S. has ever had

A major success of the Kirkpatrick team is its introduction of the word "totalitarian" into the UN vocabulary as a synonym for Communist. The word has become so popular, in fact, that the Soviets attempted to dissociate themselves from the totalitarian label—by introducing into the General Assembly a resolution against totalitarianism.

The Marxist-Leninists' use of Aesopian language to obscure political reality is no new discovery for Jeane Kirkpatrick—it has been a major theme in her writings since at least 1963, when she edited a book of essays entitled *The Strategy of Deception: A Study in World-Wide Communist Tactics*. In her introduction she wrote: "The notion persists that Communists are somehow morally superior to other elites which use amoral means to gain power and impose repressive, minority dictatorships." She attributed this phenomenon to the "semantic confusion fostered by the Communists." Harold Lasswell observed that revolutions lose their momentum when opposing groups adopt key symbols of the revolution; Mrs. Kirkpatrick ran this formula backward and discovered an equally interesting pattern: "Communism grows by identifying itself with the prestige symbols of competing movements, states, and alignments." In the West, this has meant arrogating the language and symbols of liberal democracy and Christianity. In the UN, it has meant shifting the emphasis from civil rights to economic rights, defining development as a class struggle between rich and poor nations, and sticking the U.S. with the imperialist label.

The chief concerns of the NAM are colonialism and development. Notwithstanding that they control the last remaining empire on earth, the Soviets managed to associate themselves with the anti-imperialist cause in the Sixties. And although the U.S. is a former colony itself and has never seriously been an imperialist power, it somehow inherited the mantle of European colonialism. Mrs. Kirkpatrick's delegation has been forcefully arguing the absurdity of these identifications. It has introduced the term "neo-colonialism," applying it to the Soviets and their client states, and in economic discussions it stresses the material benefits of liberty and the empirical failure of redistributionist theories.

The U.S. delegation's effectiveness in ideological debate is in large measure due to the quality of its speeches. When discussing the goals of Marxist-Leninist revolutionaries, it quotes from Marx and Lenin; when describing the suffering in totalitarian states, it cites Solzhenitsyn and other refugees. Carl Gershman, for six years president of the Social Democrats U.S.A., has delivered a brilliant series of speeches in the General Assembly on Soviet neo-colonialism. José Sorzano, a Cuban refugee and political-science professor at Georgetown University, waxes eloquent in the Economic and Social Council on the benefits of free-market economies. Mrs. Kirkpatrick's own speeches—arguably the equal of her other writings—have just been published by Simon & Schuster.

Mrs. Kirkpatrick has now been at the UN for nearly two years. Acclimatization is not easy, and she and the other Reagan Administration political appointees have had to maneuver among foreign delegates who have been at the UN for ages. Jeane Kirkpatrick's Japanese counterpart, for instance, has been at the UN for 28 years. In light of this, the delegation's accomplishment in laying the groundwork for a much improved U.S. position at the UN is remarkable.

Jeane Jordan was born in Duncan, Okla. in 1926, the daughter of an oil-well drilling contractor. When she was 12 years old she saved three dollars from her allowance to buy what she wanted most in the world: a thesaurus. While she was in the fifth grade, the year the Civil War is studied in public schools, her family moved from Duncan to a Lincoln town in Illinois. In Oklahoma, the war was taught from the South's point of view; in Illinois, from the North's. She learned, she says, that the truth is not always self-evident. One side was right, one wrong, and one had to study history to decide which was which. After two years at Stephens College, a finishing school in Columbia, Mo., she transferred to Barnard. She received her Master's degree from Columbia University in 1950, writing her thesis on Sir Oswald Mosley, the British Fascist, and took a job with the State Department as a research analyst with the Bureau of Intelligence and Research, where she analyzed interviews of Eastern European refugees. She also interviewed the Chinese who had surrendered to MacArthur in Korea and later refused repatriation. These two experiences made her an anti-Communist, she says. "They were terrible stories, like the Ancient Mariner's."

In 1955, after a year's study at the Institut de Science Politique at the University of Paris, Jeane Jordan married her boss at the State Department, Evron Kirkpatrick. She interrupted her academic career for several years to care for their three sons, working part-time during that period as a research associate for the Fund for the Republic's Communism in Government project. In 1962, she began teaching at Trinity College, in Washington, D.C., and in 1968, upon obtaining her PhD from Columbia, she was appointed associate professor of government at Georgetown. In 1978 she was made Leavey Professor, the only endowed chair in Georgetown's government department. "She's a damn good teacher," says one colleague. "She has a grasp of the fitness of things."

In marrying Evron Kirkpatrick Jeane Jordan was marrying into Humphrey circles. Evron Kirkpatrick was Hubert Humphrey's political mentor. Under his tutelage, Humphrey

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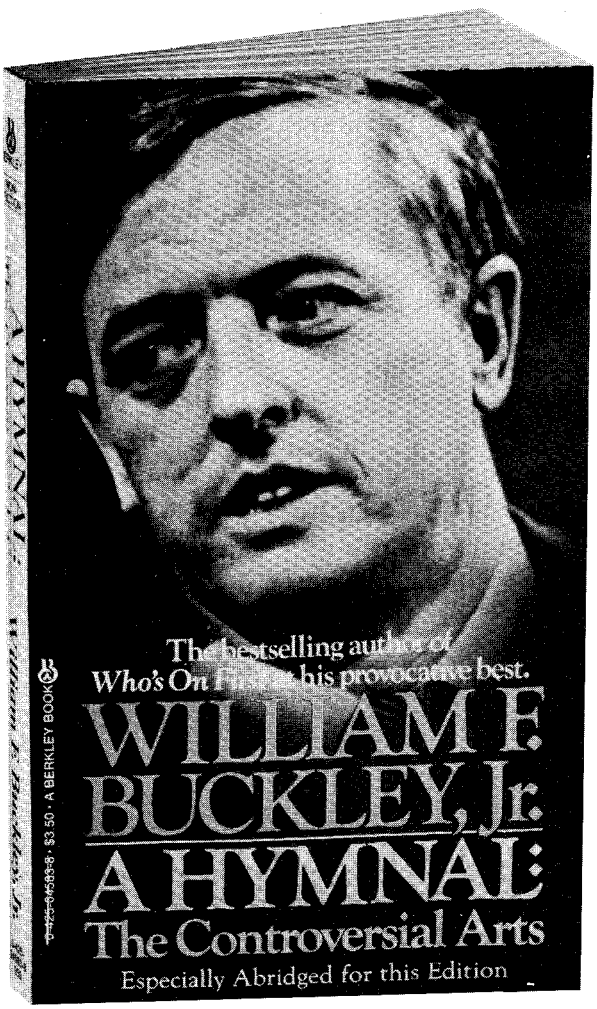

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managed to take the Democratic-Farmer-Labor Party in Minnesota back from the Communists and turn it into a successful Democratic Party machine. Evron was, until recently, executive director of the American Political Science Association, a position he held for 27 years.

Jeane Kirkpatrick, an active member of the Democratic Party for years, helped found the Coalition for a Democratic Majority, dedicated to reclaiming the Democratic Party from the "anti-war, anti-growth, anti-business, anti-labor activists." She is the author of two books on the New Class politics of the Seventies: *The Presidential Elite* (1976) and *Dismantling the Parties: Reflections on Party Reform and Party Decomposition* (1978).

Like Hubert Humphrey, Jeane Kirkpatrick is of the view that the state can and should improve things somewhat. In "Why We Don't Become Republicans," she wrote that the Republican Party had failed to articulate "any inclusive vision of the public good that reflects concern for the well-being of the whole community." But while her outlook is liberal, her premises are conservative. Her approach is historical rather than rationalistic.

Mrs. Kirkpatrick had to be wooed strenuously by the Reagan people before she agreed to act as a foreign-policy coach during the campaign. She told former National Security Advisor Richard Allen that she wasn't likely to join up with the Republicans or with Reagan. "I thought maybe he was a right-wing extremist, frankly, but I discovered very quickly that he's no kind of extremist at all," she told Mike Wallace on *60 Minutes*. Mrs. Kirkpatrick, who once taught a course at Georgetown titled "Personality and Politics," believes the President has all the requisite qualities to be a truly outstanding democratic leader.

As U.S. Representative to the UN, Mrs. Kirkpatrick is a member of the Cabinet and attends meetings of the National Security Council as well. "Bang for buck, she's most valuable to the U.S. in the National Security Council," says Deputy UN Ambassador Kenneth Adelman. "Her argumentation is superb. She does her homework. She knows the facts and she drives them home." Richard Allen concurs.

Though the U.S. still regularly votes with the minority, it has been losing by smaller margins since Mrs. Kirkpatrick's advent

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Jeane Kirkpatrick, he says, plays an important role on the National Security Council. "Her influence is quite substantial. [The President] listens carefully to her. He knows that she gives stable, serious advice," particularly on the Middle East and Latin America.

Mrs. Kirkpatrick's one problem with the Administration has been in her relations with the State Department. Her staff in Washington is small, and the State Department hierarchy started out doing what it could to keep her at a distance. "She drives them nuts," says a senior staffer on the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. It is not Mrs. Kirkpatrick's style, however, that has provoked such fierce antipathy; it is her thought.

In the *Commentary* article, "Dictatorships and Double Standards," which first brought Mrs. Kirkpatrick to Ronald Reagan's attention, she carefully analyzed the ideas behind the foreign policy of the Carter Administration: ideas that led to U.S. support for insurgencies in Nicaragua and Iran, both more repressive than the regimes they succeeded, and hostile to the United States as well. "Instead of viewing international developments in terms of American national interest . . . the architects of [Carter] Administration policy have viewed them in terms of a contemporary version of the same idea of progress that has traumatized Western imaginations since the Enlightenment," she wrote. In destabilizing the Shah of Iran and the Nicaraguan dictator—setting change in motion—the Carter State Department saw itself as the midwife of a brave new world of "rational humanism."

Even after the change of Administrations, many in the State Department are still committed to this view. Mrs. Kirkpatrick is calling for a return to the traditional approach to foreign policy that puts national security first. In a speech before the American Enterprise Institute, Mrs. Kirkpatrick described the foreign-policy problem facing us now as more serious than at any other time in American history. "It is characterized by the end of U.S. and Western military superiority. The meaning and significance of this new correlation of forces was not found in painstaking estimates of missiles, throw-weight, tanks, and MIRVs but an equally unprecedented Soviet foreign policy—more menacing than at any time since Stalin moved to swallow neighboring states in the period of the Nazi-Soviet pact."

"When someone can speak with conviction about these things, the career bureaucrats retreat in horror," says one foreign-policy expert. "She poses a threat to the whole foreign-policy establishment." Jeane Kirkpatrick is also one of the strongest proponents within the Administration of the theory that the way to undermine Soviet expansionism is to stop the West's wholesale economic and technical subsidization of the Soviet war machine. This theory was behind the Administration's opposition to the easy credit terms the Soviets were given by the Europeans in the building of the Siberian pipeline. While there are powerful currents in the Administration in favor of this view, however, the free-trade faction is also powerful.

During the Polish uprising following the imposition of martial law a year ago, rumors circulated that Mrs. Kirkpatrick was threatening to resign over what she considered the inadequacy of the Administration's response. She wanted to call in the Security Council for an examination of the Soviet role in the imposition of Polish martial law, but was blocked from doing so by Secretary Haig. The *Washington Post* at the time attributed the disputes between Jeane Kirkpatrick and Alexander Haig to "the gulf between the relatively moderate and pragmatic approach to foreign relations advocated by the Haig-led State Department and the Administration's more hawkish element, symbolized increasingly by Mrs. Kirkpatrick, that wants a militant and consistent anti-Communism at the core of all policy decisions."

Whether Mrs. Kirkpatrick will stay where she is in the ever touchy UN post, or play another role in the Reagan Administration if the much-predicted shakeup in the White House occurs in the weeks ahead, is hard to foresee. "A week is a long time in politics," former British Prime Minister Harold Wilson said. In Jeane Kirkpatrick's case it is uncertain whether we have witnessed the entire play or one of the best first acts in recent political history. □

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Abroad

Baghdad *Forgotten*

The war between Iran and Iraq is well over two years old now, and it has been effectively stalemated for most of that time. Foreign observers estimate that Iraq has lost 25,000 men so far and Iran perhaps twice that. The Iraqis regularly bombard the island of Kharz in the Persian Gulf, and the Iraqi high command claimed this fall that its army had driven the Iranians back over their border near the port of Basra, but that assertion had to be withdrawn after Iran launched a series of successful border incursions. Nevertheless, the Iraqis' morale is relatively high after having fought successfully on home ground. The government of President Saddam Hussein is being supported by loans from the Arab Gulf states to the tune of about $1 billion a month, and for the moment the specter of an Iranian steamroller has faded. In the long run, however, Iraq's leadership fears that Teheran is determined to break up the coalition of Arab Sunni Moslem states and forge an axis across the Middle East—even going so far as to restore the relationship between Israel and Iran that existed under the Shah. Such a grandiose ambition, the Iraqis maintain, is founded on the Ayatollah Khomeini's Shi'ite Moslem fundamentalism, which aims at breaking up existing Arab nations into fragmented tribal groupings at the mercy of a dominant Iran. Iraq, as the biggest such state, with a population of twenty million expected by the end of the century, and with both oil and water for development, would be the first and most important victim. Meanwhile oil continues to flow in various amounts to world markets from both countries, despite the sinking of a number of foreign merchant ships in the Shatt-al-Arab, the waterway to the Persian Gulf, which forms the boundary between Iran and Iraq. However, if the Ayatollah is able to reinvigorate his battered forces with their original revolutionary drive, and make better use of the by-now deteriorating arsenal created by the Shah, there may eventually be a turning point in what is coming to be known as the world's forgotten war.

Florence *Troppo*

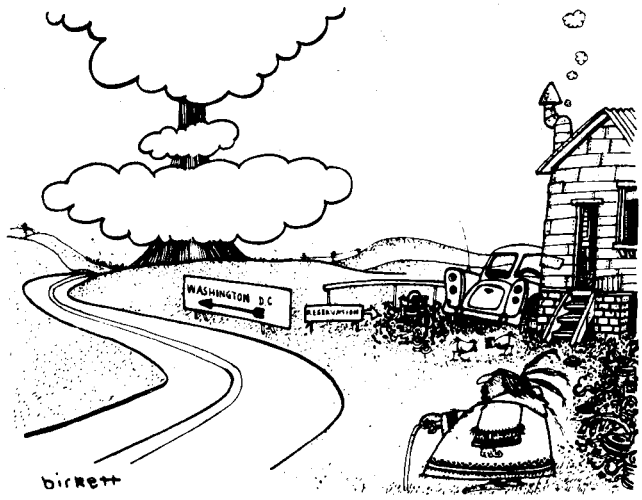
The ancient capital of Tuscany, one of the greatest art centers in the world, is being choked by tourists, to the despair of the local population. Florence has something under half a million inhabitants, but more than six million visitors crowd into its narrow streets, its venerable churches, its palaces and galleries every year. On a typical summer's day, six hundred tour buses invade the city. "The tourists arrive like an army of occupation," says Professor Giovanni Koenig, an architectural historian and authority on city preservation, "and they feel protected in their armored cars, the buses. No one uses the streets for walking any more. It's like a continual demonstration. Naturally, no one has any social contact with the inhabitants. The tourists stay in their own groups." It has become difficult to visit the museums, where tourists are so numerous they lean against the statues and threaten to knock them over. "We must recognize that unlimited and uncontrolled frequentation of the most prestigious heritage of our national patrimony is simply irresponsible," adds another Florentine official. Would a solution be to close the gates of Florence, as it were—at least to organized tourism? "That is not possible," says Professor Koenig. "There is no authority in any position to commit so imperious an act."

London *Few Chips*

The electronic revolution in printing and publishing has hardly touched the editorial operations of newspapers, magazines, and book publishers in Britain, according to a survey by the Institute of Journalists. Fewer than one in six offices have anything more modern than a conventional typewriter. Many publishers and editors blame labor resistance for this state of affairs, which is in striking contrast to the situation in other countries. Close to half the firms use some form of photographic typesetting equipment, but only a small fraction of them allow journalists to send what they write directly from their terminals to typesetting machinery. Most of the companies said that profits had been affected—some said "greatly affected"—by what a government official described as "archaic practices." David Parrington, chairman of the institute's Technology Committee, remarked that the situation was "highly dangerous" for all publishing. "Newspapers in particular will come to an end unless journalists have their own computer terminals," he added.

Inverness *Sits Fair the Wind*

Fair Isle—an isolated speck in the frigid sea between the Shetland and Orkney Islands off the north coast of Scotland—has been saved by a windmill. Called an aerogenerator, the machine, which will withstand winds of up to 170 miles an hour, was installed on the island recently as the answer to the rising cost of diesel fuel, which previously provided the power for Fair Isle's 71 inhabitants. A resident meteorologist figured out that there was sufficient wind sweeping across the island year round to power a 55-kilowatt generator most of the time. With some help from the Scottish development boards, the "windy light," as it is called, started operating two months ago. This problem solved, the island should once again thrive: the employment situation on Fair Isle is excellent, as there is a five-month waiting list for the island's famous and only product—the Fair Isle sweater.



Birkett, *Punch* Rothco

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Harvard, 242 pp., $17.50

JOSEPH SOBRAN

Any day now, I expect the Supreme Court to rule that unilateral disarmament is required under the Constitution. The Constitution gives Congress the right to raise an army. Applying the great principle that the Constitution must be construed according to contemporary understandings and adapted to the needs of every age, this can only mean that the United States must demilitarize. I think five of the justices could agree on that.

Amazing the way we never really have to legislate the liberal agenda. It always turns out to have been there all along, right in the fundamental law of the land. So it has been with desegregation, school prayer, birth control, abortion, pornography, and capital punishment.

"The discretion of a judge is the law of tyrants," Lord Camden wrote, and Raoul Berger has now produced a short but bountiful book to bring the point home. The immediate subject is the death penalty, but the real theme is the judicial abuse of power.

Death Penalties: The Supreme Court's Obstacle Course begins with the 1972 case *Furman* v. *Georgia*, wherein five of the Court's justices found that capital punishment violated the prohibition against "cruel and unusual punishment." There are several obvious objections to this position. The Bill of Rights was intended to inhibit only the Federal Government, not the states; the death penalty not only was left intact, but was assumed by the requirement of due process in taking "life, liberty, or property"; capital punishment was part of every penal system in the world; and so forth.

In reply, the majority produced five separate opinions that, together with the dissents, consumed 232 pages explaining the new revelation. Two of the justices (Brennan and Marshall, of course) held that the death penalty was unconstitutional in itself; the other three said its current application made it so. Hence a majority of the Court was satisfied by revisions in the laws, and killers are being killed again.

On the merits of capital punishment Berger takes no position. His point is that the Court shouldn't either. Mustn't the law change with changing circumstance? Yes. And lawmakers, not judges, should change it. Isn't capital punishment "cruel and unusual"? Not under the meaning of the phrase, if we take pains to find out what it meant to those who wrote it: they intended to forbid extraordinary tortures, not such well-established punishments as mutilation, whipping, branding, and of course hanging. Even "proportionality" is no criterion, Berger says: "At issue is not whether a man may be hanged for stealing a loaf of bread, but whether the Court is authorized to take that decision away from the legislature and the people."

Potter Stewart argued in *Furman* that existing death penalties, because they were applied haphazardly by juries, "are cruel and unusual in the same way that being struck by lightning is cruel and unusual." Berger replies: "Lightning strikes the innocent without warning, whereas a murderer was on notice that his offense courted a death penalty, though there was the possibility that a merciful jury might spare his life, a contingency of which he may scarcely complain."

Most objections to popular settlement of the issue assume that the judiciary is likely to be more humane than the people (as evidenced by *Roe* v. *Wade*). Berger keeps insisting that the Constitution requires us to trust the people: "Throughout the judicial spectrum lurks the conviction that Big Brother knows best."

How can we restrain the courts from abusing their power? Alexander Hamilton, as Berger points out, favored impeaching judges for far less than the modern Court has done. As in his earlier book *Impeachment*, Berger holds that the congressional sanctions are there to be used. Short of impeachment, the Court's appellate jurisdiction can be abridged. Self-government requires this.

Now here, I submit, is a deeply witty argument:

> What can be done to restore control of their institutions, death penalties included, to the people? Activists may urge that the exclusive remedy is by amendment. But that would come with ill grace from those who defend judicial revision of the Constitution on the ground that the amendment process is too "cumbersome." If it is too cumbersome to seek popular consent to constitutional alteration, it is too cumbersome to require that the people reverse judicial usurpation by amendment.

Death Penalties is so overwhelmingly convincing that the reader ends by marveling that it was necessary. The Supreme Court has become literally oracular, in the sense that its pronounce-

Nereo E. Condini *is a freelance writer and critic living in New Jersey.* . . . **Walter D. Connor** *is a visiting professor at the University of Virginia. His latest book is* Socialism, Politics, and Equality. . . . **William McGurn** *is assistant managing editor of* The American Spectator.

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ments are taken seriously no matter how flimsy its reasoning—and almost nobody thinks its reasoning is authoritative. Yet *The Federalist* argues that the Court is bound to be the "least dangerous" of the three branches in that its only weapon is "judgment"—its power of persuading us.

How delicious it is to listen to our liberals—those inveterate anti-authoritarians, those questioners of all authority, those foes of power and privilege—urging us to submit to the whims of the Court as to the wisdom of an inscrutable Providence! For years the progressive brotherhood kept the secret that William O. Douglas was senile, sleeping and even soiling himself during the Court's deliberations. A discreet curtain was drawn before the people's right to know, so often vindicated by this same Court.

It is one of the great frauds of our time, as this fine book attests. □

USSR: The Corrupt Society
By Konstantin M. Simis
Simon & Schuster, 316 pp., $14.95

LAND OF KLEPTOCRACY

WALTER D. CONNOR

"Those who are not willing to accept corruption and who prefer to wage an open battle with it are doomed to failure." This is a central conclusion of Konstantin Simis's excursion through Soviet economic life, from which one gathers that these nay-sayers are a tiny minority indeed. High and low, party secretary and peasant, producer, retailer, and consumer—all are engaged in illegally compensating for an economy that, if one judges it by the satisfaction of everyday wants, lacks any sort of common sense in its basic design.

There is in this book a wealth of information—and entertainment—beyond most Americans' probable imaginings of life in the USSR. Of an age with the Communist regime (he was born in 1919), Simis, until his emigration in 1977, was a legal specialist and defense attorney—an interesting job anywhere, but especially in Moscow. Over the years clients, colleagues, and his own observations and experience of life in what he calls the "land of kleptocracy" brought him much material.

A Soviet joke goes: "Do the Soviet people consume caviar?" "Yes, through their elected representatives."

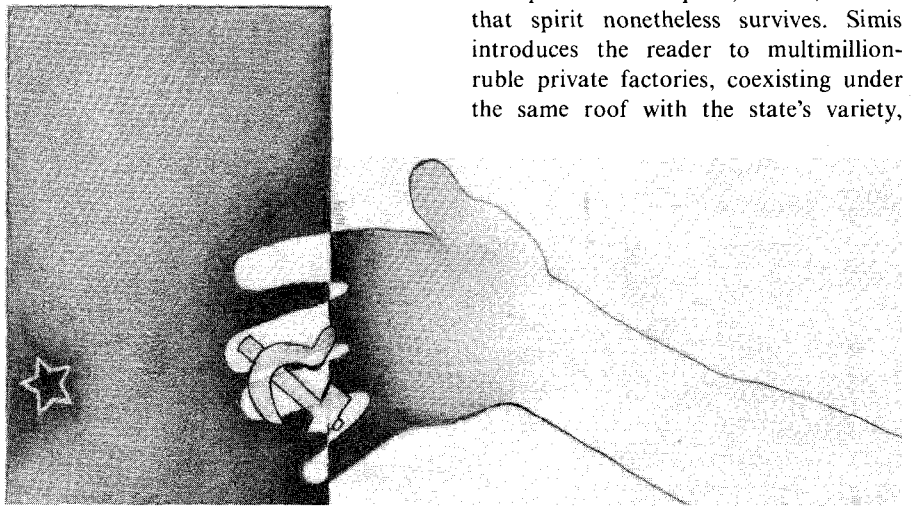
Indeed, the wielders of power are well-compensated by the state, but, on the evidence, this is not enough. Limousines, dachas, special stores, hospitals, closed resorts do not forestall the illegal accumulation of gold and precious stones or the construction of palatial residences with public funds and labor—practices that have reached up to the Politburo itself, and are part of the common scene in some of the Asian republics and the Caucasus.

Why the desire, the need to keep reaching for more, when the unification of political and economic clout under the aegis of the former already yields so much? Simis suggests several reasons, all well-taken. The cars, houses, and privileges are *not* property: suffer a political reverse and these things go, along with one's office. Nor can one's children inherit them—and one wants to pass something on. Greed is important as well, and rulers are surely no less greedy than subjects. They are used to corruption, bribery, and illegal exchanges of favors, since on the way to the elite they were givers; having arrived, they easily assume the role of taker. Finally, they do not expect that they are too likely to be harshly punished if exposed by some unpredictable event, and they are generally justified in their confidence of immunity. All good reasons for feathering nests beyond the considerable, but still in the end uncertain, material benefits that high political status confers.

If life is precarious for high party officials, it is harder yet for the ordinary citizen. Nothing worth having, from "free" medical service to consumer goods, is available at the official price. Under-the-counter payments, barter, bribes, and traded favors close the gap—partially—between the citizen and his needs. Theft also helps: "inventory shrinkage" in warehouses, factories, and stores is immense, as scarce goods are extracted for immediate use or to provide raw material for the moonlighting jobs in repair and construction that so many Soviet citizens pursue. The ubiquity of these practices makes wide enforcement impossible. As Simis observes, the regime "simply cannot afford to send millions of citizens to the camps, thereby removing them from their jobs."

This, at least, is progress. Under Stalin, millions *did* go to the camps, the vast majority of them for political offenses they did not commit (rather than for "normal" offenses they might have, since the system was no less economically corrupt in those days). But no progress has been achieved against the essentially flawed state-socialist economic design: bureaucracy kills efficiency, centralization rejects market discipline, the consumer sector is beggared by military and heavy-industry outlays. Having made itself the owner of virtually the entire economy, the state has exposed itself to a certain risk—it is the prime *victim* of the populace as well. "Tens of millions," the vast majority of whom "would never steal a kopek from another person," think nothing of stealing from the state, via their factories, offices, wherever they may work. The man in the street "does not look upon theft from the state as real theft, as stealing someone else's property."

The state has also criminalized entrepreneurial spirit and activity—hardly a surprise. The surprise, rather, is that that spirit nonetheless survives. Simis introduces the reader to multimillion-ruble private factories, coexisting under the same roof with the state's variety,



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using illegally obtained material, paying their workers off the books, reaching the consumer eventually through state stores, and providing, especially, clothing whose style finds ready takers among a populace whose ideas of fashion differ from those of the tenured bureaucrats in the textile ministry. *Why* do people take the risk of such enterprise, when long imprisonment or even execution may await, when even immense returns find so little outlet in a threadbare economy of shortage, and when, even if fine goods can be found and purchased, fear of detection makes it impossible to live openly in luxury? Greed alone? Hardly. Simis writes of one of his clients, an underground millionaire in the knitwear business:

> I think that once he had provided for himself and for his descendants for many generations to come, the main driving force that made him expand his business unceasingly was not greed but a need to use his innate business talents. . . . If you are unlucky, these talents get you sent to the camps; if you are lucky, they bring you a great fortune, which is literally doomed to be buried in the ground or bricked up in a wall.

Simis's client was both—lucky in the trove of gold and precious stones he had amassed, unlucky in that he was executed for his success. A regime whose biases run in the direction of treating talents thus, while conducting the business of producing food and consumer goods in the normal, shortage-generating way, seems a poor bet to produce any economic reform worthy of the name in the post-Brezhnev era now upon us: it will continue to produce the corruption it cannot escape. □

RANDOM NOTES

■ More January Titles: In *China without Mao: The Search for a New Order* (Oxford, $19.95 hardback; $7.95 paper) Immanuel C. Y. Hsü argues that a half-century from now Taiwan may be reunited with Red China, and that the new China may be a fully modernized and democratized world power.

In *The Left, the Right, and the Jews* (Universe, $18.50), W. B. Rubinstein makes a case for the nearly wholesale conversion to conservatism by Western Jews. Since 1945, he says, most of the Jews in the West have been assimilated into the upper middle class, and this at a time in which pro-Israeli politics has become firmly identified as Establishment politics. Antisemitism, he insists, has vanished from the Right and today exists only on the Left.

John G. Adams, the Army attorney assigned to the Army-McCarthy hearings in 1954 to "keep an eye on what [McCarthy] was doing," gives his side of the story in *Without Precedent: The Story of the Death of McCarthyism* (Norton, $16.95).

Sue Davidson Lowe, a grandniece of her famous subject, has produced in *Stieglitz: A Memoir/Biography* (Farrar, $25.50) a most interesting and ambivalent book. . . . *Robert Graves: His Life and Work* (Holt, $22.50), by Martin Seymour-Smith, is a major biography of the poet, novelist, and mythologist, a British expatriate who lived most of his life in Mallorca.

Jimmy Carter, on one of his trips to the wilds, came face to face with a rabbit. An earlier and doughtier President was satisfied with nothing less than bears. The resulting articles, originally published between 1885 and 1908, have now been brought together between boards in a volume entitled *American Bears: Selections from the Writings of Theodore Roosevelt* (Colorado Associated University Press, $17.50 hardback; $6.95 paper), edited and introduced by Paul Schullery and with a foreword by John A. Gable, and making fine reading indeed. —CW

Religion
By Leszek Kolakowski
Oxford, 235 pp., $18.95

THE SIDE OF THE ANGELS

WILLIAM McGURN

"Atheism shows strength of mind," said Pascal, "but only to a certain degree." So spoke one of the most enigmatic thinkers the world has known, who could in one breath call man "a mere reed" and in the next speak of "the greatness of man"—and sincerely believe both at the same time. Mathematician, philosopher, inventor of the calculator, and deviser of the Paris public-transport system, Blaise Pascal knew well the pious follies of the faithful but found more to ridicule in the pompous pretensions of the pure secularists.

It should come as no surprise that Leszek Kolakowski's *Religion* has a heavy Pascalian flavor to it. The two men are kindred spirits, sharing not only an Aristotelian bent toward experience and a healthy (but not excessive) skepticism concerning human endeavors, but, above all, a profound sense of paradox. Each of them—an indication of their genius—was able to grasp both truths in a paradox without exaggerating one logically until it canceled out the other.

Religion is primarily a book about belief—belief in a soul, in good and evil, in eternity, and, of course, in God. In fact, the book could just as easily have been entitled *God*, since most of the work revolves around questions about God's existence or essence. To his everlasting (as it were) credit, Kolakowski does not limit his discussion to purely intellectual abstractions about God, but also includes chapters on the mystical experience and religious appreciation of God, which he admits break down when articulated.

Although the publishers have touted the book as a "fascinating and useful introduction to the philosophy of religion," Kolakowski's *Religion* is an introductory work only in the sense that it covers a broad area. The beginner who is unfamiliar with such things as Anselm's ontological proof or Nietzsche's evaluation of morals will surely find some parts difficult. This is in part due to the nature of philosophy itself, but is no doubt aggravated by the fact that Kolakowski is not writing in his native Polish. At times, he is just plain hard to follow.

It is not necessary, however, to be familiar with the particulars to appreciate the work as a whole, for Kolakowski is not so much concerned with the actual debate over belief as he is with the *nature* of this debate, the underlying assumptions and ultimate conclusions that characterize it. Here he can be tough, almost brutal, on the faithful, in effect denying the Thomistic notion that man can know God through natural reason. He thus puts almost the whole of religion into the *de fide* category. So doing, he illustrates the strength of mind Pascal attributed to atheists: they were contemptuous of the second-rate secularism produced by some scholastics.

There is nothing new in the assertion that religious knowledge is not real (that is, scientifically or logically provable). Skeptics have been saying as much since the time of Socrates, and it doesn't take even a Philosophy 101 course to make

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us realize that there are serious problems in reconciling a God with what we see in the world around us. Atheists, therefore, have always prided themselves on being epistemologically superior to believers, and generally rest their case on the assertion that they are much more reasonable. Believers, on the other hand, are untroubled by such assertions; they have always insisted that belief precedes understanding. (*Credo ut intelligam.*)

This is the point where Kolakowski parts company with the nonbelievers. Like Pascal before him, Kolakowski recognizes the "certain degree" of the atheist's strength of mind, arguing that there is no reason to assume that the nonbeliever's standards for true knowledge are the only standards:

> The traditional arguments of empiricists are cogent if limited to the assertion "religious beliefs are empirically empty." The subsequent verdict (admittedly less vociferously repeated today than it used to be) "therefore they are meaningless" is not credible at all. There are no transcendentally valid criteria of meaningfulness and no compelling reasons why the meaningful should be equated with the empirical.

It thus becomes a question of apples and oranges, each side having its own set of criteria for truth, neither of which is capable of refuting the other. There is an unstated irony, though: the believer is able to accept both apples *and* oranges—both secular and religious knowledge—whereas the atheist's world is necessarily exclusive. In other words, believers believe they can learn truth from atheists, but the opposite is not the case.

Religion, then, is really a negative work, dealing less with what we know than with what we cannot know, illuminating the nature of the question as opposed to finding any answers. In this sense, although it yields no positive conclusions, it does to atheism what *Main Currents of Marxism* did to Communism: it turns secular critiques back on themselves, showing them to be as intellectually vulnerable as their objects. Pascal consoled himself with the thought that no matter how absurd the believer's world is, the nonbeliever's is more absurd, a conclusion that does not touch the believer but greatly agitates the atheist. And here, I suspect, Kolakowski, however reluctantly, and despite his apparent agnosticism, has come down on the side of the angels. □

FICTION

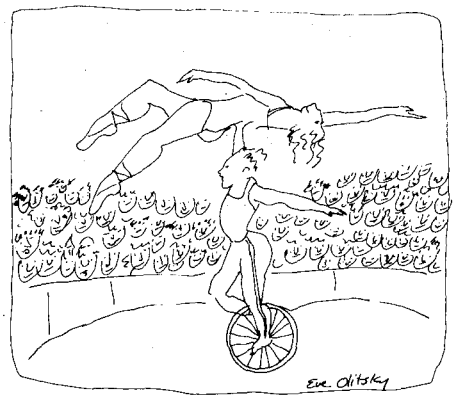
The Joke
By Milan Kundera
Harper & Row, 267 pp., $14.95

LETTING GO

D. KEITH MANO

How are black people and Czechs similar? Well, in either case, we tend to patronize or overrate their fiction. Extra credit is given for peculiarity and suffering: we are somewhat less critical-minded. The black novelist has had a rough time establishing himself as more than just soul stew. So, too, Eastern European novels are often exploited for their convenient psywar impact. And, of course, Czech or Russian art can never be wholly neutral or without accent. To some degree it *must* sound dissident. After all, for the Western reader, any fiction that describes Communist life, even just in passing, will sound absurdist or satiric or downright subversive—so different is American political experience. *The Joke*, though, sets out to transcend this inherent dissidence. For that reason it is a brilliant, an exquisite, and a very problematical book.

If you hit your SELECT button and shuck all local reference from Milan Kundera's narrative—unjust imprisonment, poor food, idiot bureaucracy—you find, underneath, a non-aligned tale of love, contrition, and forgiveness. *The Joke*, moreover, will recommend this same sort of letting go. Characters in it have been defined situationally for too long. That is: as men and women who repudiate or connive with the oppressive state: political animals only. And, on that account, they've lost some of their natural personhood.



It is tough, Lord knows, to be normal, just human, in Czechoslovakia. Ludvik, the protagonist, will be imprisoned for mailing his girlfriend a prank postcard. ("Long live Trotsky! Ludvik.") Verbal life in a Communist nation is supercharged. You speak with italics, so to say. The state, see, won't distinguish between political and lay. As we, in conspicuous instances, ostracize Agnew for "fat Jap" or Romney for "brainwashed," so they monitor all language. In that sense each Czech is a celebrity: without sports cars or cocaine or Studio 54.

Let me transpose the plot, if I can, into American—that way cold war resonances may be muted. Suppose Ludvik (call him Lou) makes a genial yet unfortunate antisemitic remark at some board meeting. (That's as close as I come to the postcard joke.) Go further. Presume that, while black-balled and friendless, Lou meets a young, non-descript lower-class woman. Lucie (Lucy) and much-come-down-in-life Lou fall for each other. Add Jaroslav (Jerome), who is a flaming folklorist (back-to-the-earth and roots over here). Jerome can ignore social persecution by distracting himself with myth: a mix of nostalgia and forgetfulness. Supply also Kostka (Ken), who, being Christian, thinks that American injustice is condign punishment for our sin and consonant with His plan as well. Then insert, 15 years later, a vindictive but farcical sexual trick—Lou, for revenge, seduces Helena (Helen), the wife of someone who sent him to Coventry. There should be ceremonial atmosphere. Kundera has used "The Ride of the Kings," an ancient Moravian ritual. In America it would be some clambake or Chicago nominating convention. Top off with splendid and persuasive prose. And have Lou forgive those who injured him.

I have no problem when Lou, not Ludvik, says,

> "Yes, suddenly I saw it all clearly: most people willingly deceive themselves with a doubly false faith; they believe in *eternal memory* (of men, things, deeds, peoples) and in *rectification* (of deeds, errors, sins, injustice). Both are sham. The truth lies at the opposite end of the scale: everything will be forgotten and nothing will be rectified . . ."

So forgiveness is both necessary and practical. Enemies do change and grow: they can be restored. Hatred is just more energy given to the state. Let go.

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As a laxative manufacturer once said, This, too, shall come to pass.

But Ludvik, not Lou, is speaking. And, behind him, Kundera. Look, he says, I, a Czech, am tired of 1948 and 1968. Of the insane emphasis that geographical chance and transient event have put on my nation, my daily life.

This book was first published in 1968. As preface to his new edition, Kundera wrote, "Today, in a world of ever accelerating forgetting, Prague has long since lost its topicality. . . . Yet only thanks to that forgetting (and here we have the final paradox of *The Joke*) can the novel ultimately be what it has always meant to be: merely a novel."

Yet I, who understood Lou, am somehow indignant with Ludvik. (I acknowledge the double standard operative here: I have a stake in Kundera's continued anger, in Czechoslovakia as symbol.) I mean, does Ludvik have *the right* to forgive and forget, living as he still is amid pervasive repression? Or Kundera *the right* to create apolitical fiction? Sure. Of course. Yet I find distasteful that European acquiescence (if not cynicism) implicit in "nothing will be rectified." Without future retribution there is no deterrent to (or pressure on) present tyranny. And yet this book was banned after the Prague Spring. And Kundera is in exile because of it. Perhaps, for Communism, a "mere novel" may be more dangerous than *The Gulag Archipelago*.

Perhaps. But I don't think so. □

God's Grace
By Bernard Malamud
Farrar, 223 pp., $13.50

AFTER THE DELUGE

NEREO E. CONDINI

I think many of us always suspected that Bernard Malamud had a lot to give as a writer. Remember reading *The Magic Barrel* or *The Natural* and marveling at the intricate reactions that Malamud's deceptively simple prose generated? Remember privately having intimations of Malamud's greatness, even though, in public, you discussed Bellow's sharper intellect, Singer's more touching humanity? Remember the disappointment that followed when, in several later works (especially *Dubin's Lives*), Malamud seemed to have lost his magic, his sense of humor? With the publication of *God's Grace*, the dry spell has ended. Malamud can restake his claim to deserved fame.

This richly evocative novel is the story of the re-creation of the world, as heard through the voices of God and man and animal. After a thermonuclear war destroys man—and the world as we know it—a fed-up God sends the second Flood. But paleologist Calvin Cohn somehow survives in his oceanography vessel, together with Gottlob, a trained chimpanzee who, thanks to an artificial larynx, is able to speak. (His language is English, albeit with a noticeable German accent.) Cohn, delighted with his sole companion, promptly renames him Buz.

The two of them sail upon the floodwaters and eventually are shipwrecked on an island that turns out to be inhabited by other chimps, baboons, a few apes, and one melancholy gorilla. Cohn's passion to survive and to preserve the foundations of civilization leads him to attempt the seemingly impossible. He organizes a labor force of chimps; he instructs them in ethics and the abstract; he even fathers a humanoid girl-chimp. He begins to dream of a new, better-than-human race as his chimp community flourishes.

But can animal be measured by man? Or can man be measured by animal? Some in the community begin to have their doubts. A chimp named Esau reacts to Cohn's "gainfully employing" him by protesting to his fellow workers: "Why spoil our natures to please a non-chimp? Who is he, for instance?"

Cohn himself swings from highs to lows and worries about God, "who had let him out on a string and would snap him back on a string." But Mary Madelyn, mother of Cohn's chimp-child, remains blissfully in love, having modeled herself upon Juliet, with a skinny, balding Cohn as her Romeo.

Buz is an engaging chimp, though he shares the common problem of identity. As Cohn's companion, he responds to affection but is unable to grasp complicated moral implications. In their games, for example, he is happy to win, even when the odds are stacked in his favor by Cohn. Elated by his power of human speech, Buz quickly advances in mastering the English language, though he does balk at its symbols, insisting that a word stand for what it sounds like and that the use of metaphors be eliminated.

Yet his background as an experimental chimp has affected him, for he no longer sees the world through pristine eyes. He questions Cohn constantly, inducing him to define the knowable and unknowable world. He asks about the nature of man:

> Cohn said he thought to be human was to be responsive to and protective of life and civilization. Buz said he would rather be a chimp.

As the novel nears its heart-rending climax (which, in deference to its elements of suspense and surprise, this reviewer will not reveal), Buz makes a single, but prophetic, final statement in human language: "I om not Buz, my name ist Gottlob." And Gottlob is German for "praise God." "Praise God" it is, for the reader is left with a sense of naked awe.

God's Grace is, in short, a parody of the human condition. But those who try to place this work within the realm of philosophy will be deluding themselves. Malamud is a writer of fiction, an artist of the word. His intention is not to elaborate a system of ethics but to create a work of art. He has, I believe, succeeded. *God's Grace* nurtures in the reader a sense of joy. □

FILM

HARROWED HEROINE, HARASSED AUDIENCE

JOHN SIMON

Suffering through the 157 minutes of pretentiousness and boredom that make up Alan J. Pakula's movie version of *Sophie's Choice*, I drew what consolation I could from having merely skimmed William Styron's underlying novel rather than wasting many more hours reading it. In his forthcoming book, *The American Novel and the Way We Live Now*, John W. Aldredge persuasively demolishes Styron's novel, and concludes that "with all its pre-

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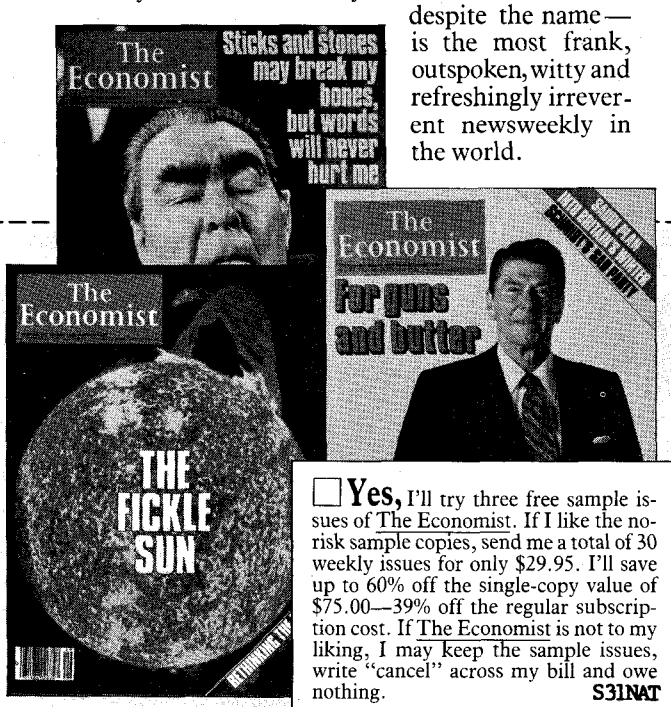
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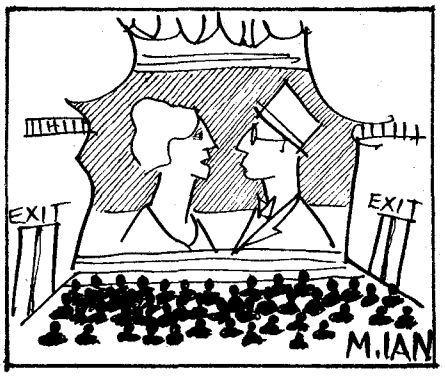
tensions to literary majorness, *Sophie's Choice* is clearly a phony book, as imaginatively inauthentic as it is intellectually without content." Aldredge points out that the terrible choice (an SS officer at Auschwitz threatened to have both of Sophie's children gassed unless she picked out one to be saved) was forced on the heroine, so that "the culpability belonged to the officer and not to her."

Aldredge may be a mite too rational here, but he is right in saying that Sophie's sin, if sin there was—it was, after all, the only way of saving even one child—is too venial, and was expiated by many horrors undergone, not the least of which was the heroine's offering herself to Hoess, the commandant of Auschwitz, in exchange for her surviving child's life, being refused by him, and having that child perish too. A refugee in America, sick and starving, Sophie, a Polish Catholic, is rescued by Nathan Landau, ostensibly a biological researcher making important discoveries. By the time they are living together, however, Nathan has become viciously doubtful of her, and his beatings are as violent as their lovemaking, even though he knows nothing of her "guilty" past.

To QUOTE Aldredge: "Nathan, after having been blown up by Styron into a kind of vengeful Old Testament Jehovah, is revealed to be . . . simply a paranoid schizophrenic and drug addict who has been lying about the important scientific work . . . and whose goal is to persuade Sophie to join him in a suicide pact. Her second 'choice' of death, therefore, seems not an act of atonement for a guilt which, after all, she lacks sufficient reason for having, but an indication that finally she is as insane as he is." Aldredge goes on to remark that Styron assumes that by going on for pages and pages he will "sooner or later blunder on his theme." Styron indulges "in sham theatrics and specious intimations that there exist large meanings just beneath the surface of his materials, that dark and inscrutable fates, dooms, and curses are hard at work shaping the grim destinies of his characters," who, however, are too trivial, self-contradictory, and boring to sustain "the great epic weight he tries to impose on them."

All these flaws are inherited by the movie and augmented by those Pakula, as writer and director, contributed to it. In the novel, Stingo, the young Southerner who comes to New York to be a novelist, has guilts of his own involving the legacy of slavery, but these have been excised from the film. Here Stingo, the author's alter ego, is just a nice, innocent, lovable young fellow trying to write a great novel and get himself laid. He is filled with admiration for Nathan and secret love for Sophie, while having unsuccessful skirmishes with other girls. When this perfect little Boy Scout finally loses his virginity to Sophie, he proves a superb lover and is promptly relieved from responsibility for this older, difficult woman by her running back to the demented Nathan and the aforementioned double suicide.



The film leaves far too much unexplored. Why do Nathan and Sophie, who keep apart from the other tenants of the Brooklyn boarding-house, befriend this funny little Stingo? And where are all those other tenants and the landlady most of the time? The boarding-house seems, day and night, a playpen for the exclusive delectation of our three comrades. Where and how does Sophie work? Where does Nathan, who has a menial librarian's job, get all the money he throws around? Where do the elaborate Southern costumes with which the lovers tease Stingo come from? (Poor costume design, as usual, from Albert Wolsky.) How does Stingo support himself? Why does the non-Jewish Sophie, who goes to Auschwitz for buying a contraband ham, take her children along to the camp? The linguistically gifted daughter of a professor, who taught her many languages, she speaks a German elaborate enough for Martin Heidegger; why then does she butcher English in every way, including such crudely audience-pleasing malapropisms as when she congratulates Stingo on his nice "cocksucker suit"?

In the largely idyllic Brooklyn scenes, Pakula clearly wants to rival the carefree threesome sequences from *Jules and Jim*. But here the trio is not a *ménage à trois*, and the devoted Stingo is constantly tortured by Nathan and Sophie's flagrant lovemaking, which turns the relationship into something unequal, uncharming. And not in the action, dialogue, direction, or acting is there the infectious spontaneity that implicates us in Truffaut's film. In fact, so graceless, repetitious, and doughy are these scenes that we come to yearn for a concentration-camp flashback to relieve the tedium—surely not the desired effect, aesthetically or morally.

The casting and acting do not help. Meryl Streep, despite a good Polish accent, is wrong for Sophie. Every five minutes, it seems, someone—man, woman, child, or beast—gushes about Sophie's beauty. Even as a shorn-headed, emaciated camp inmate, she all but turns the commandant's head, not to mention softening the hard Nazified heart of his mean daughter, with her loveliness. Whoever looks at her, from Auschwitz to Brooklyn, is smitten; yet Miss Streep is only a decently ordinary-looking woman whose wide, angular face is imperfectly filled out by her features, even when they are as large and wavy as her nose. Though an impressive actress in comedy and character parts, she was not cut out for *femmes fatales* or ethereal leading ladies. It may well be her miscasting in *The French Lieutenant's Woman*, the worthless *Still of the Night*, and now this that propels her into compensation by overacting. She has become more mannered from role to role; as Sophie, she takes an unconscionable time to deliver her lines, what with *moues*, hesitancies, false starts, medial pauses, grace notes of every sort. A good quarter-hour of the film's unendurable length might have been lopped off had Pakula gotten her to play straight.

The two main men are likewise, and even more, wrong. As Nathan, Kevin Kline transports his flamboyant stage acting intact to the screen, where his ferocious exaggerations punch almost visible holes in the celluloid. As Stingo, the gifted comedian Peter MacNicol looks and acts like a dopey, wide-eyed and protruding-eared, gee-whiz-kid of 15, and reaches heights of the ridiculous in the love scenes with Miss Streep, who looks like his smothering mother. He is even harder to accept as a novelist than Styron himself, and his Deep Southern accent, never Virginian, vanishes as suddenly as it remembers to come. For further confusion, the wordy and supererogatory voiceover commentary, by

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Stingo grown older, is delivered by Josef Sommer in an authentic Virginia accent. Among the inconsequential supporting players only Karlheinz Hackl, as an uneasy Nazi doctor, scores by playing cleanly, without histrionic curlicues.

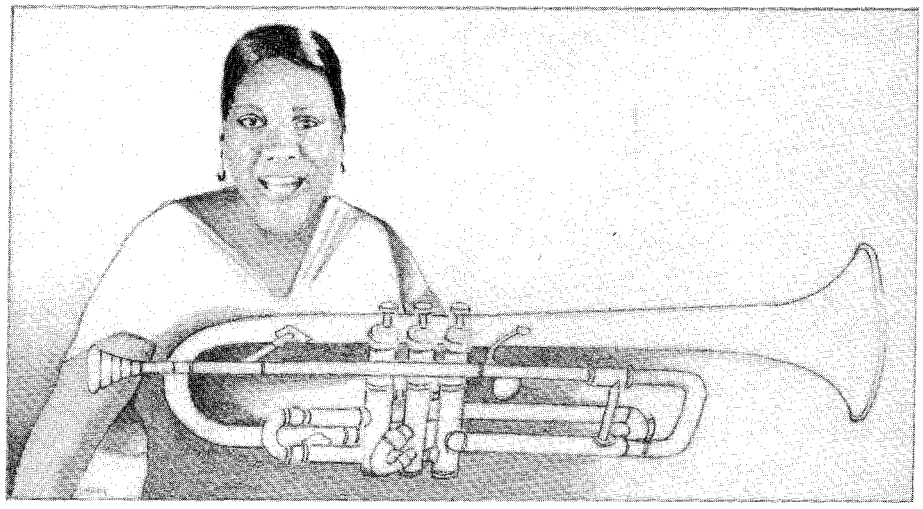
Nestor Almendros is a brilliant cinematographer, but here he cannot do much with the gooey pink walls of the boarding-house (Army surplus paint, cheaply acquired by the landlady) among which so much of the maundering takes place. Pakula is running out of tricks: he shoots a library here with a similar crane shot to the one in *All the President's Men*, and he makes the nocturnal railway station in Auschwitz so grandiosely sinister that it becomes less terrifying than in the seedily matter-of-fact treatment it gets in numerous Eastern or Central European films. The same goes for the other camp sequences, despite their having been shot in Yugoslavia under the usually gifted production designer George Jenkins. Even the music, culled from five or six classical composers, manages to be unfailingly pretentious.

In reviewing Styron's previous novel, *The Confessions of Nat Turner*, Wilfrid Sheed raised the question: "Can a pastiche of this kind, however skillful, serve as a vehicle for genuine feeling? The answer, in terms of fiction, of the 'felt-life,' surely has to be no." It is no again in terms of this overblown, underrealized movie, which battens impertinently on the Holocaust even as it flattens out into depthless length whatsoever it touches. □

SOUND ON DISC

BESSIE, SATCH & LITTLE JAZZ

RALPH de TOLEDANO



I heard Bessie Smith once, in 1936, at the Famous Door on 52nd Street in Manhattan, when she was trying to make a Swing Era comeback. Before the Depression her records had sold by the millions, mostly to blacks, although whites who loved jazz and the blues also idolized her. Her voice was huskier than I had known it on her recordings, she seemed impatient, and that tremendous élan which in the past had carried her over good material and bad was somehow lacking. Perhaps she might have made it again, but the Butcher cut her down in an automobile accident.

In those days, you could come by Bessie's records only by rummaging in the Harlem junk shops and the Salvation Army depots, and what you found was usually scratched and worn. Once the late Eugene Williams and I were allowed by a little old lady in a Lenox Avenue odds-and-ends shop—she was friendly because we weren't "like those other college boys"—to go over a stack of records, and we picked up two Bessies in mint condition. One of them was the superlative "Backwater Blues," with James P. Johnson accompanying her.

In all, Bessie Smith recorded 160 sides—there may have been others but they were never issued and are lost—and they tell us more in the set pattern of the blues and in the raucous expression of Negro nightclub jazz than all the words of the sociologists about what life was like in both the South and the North for blacks—the hustlers and the pimps, the broken hearts, the joys and sorrows abounding, the discrimination, the to-hell-with-discrimination, the sly or open sex, experience of living, the irrepressible spirit that turned spirituals into blues and blues into jazz.

Bessie was rooted in the old traditions and yet she was *sui generis*. Her voice was as big as all outdoors, but she used it with a great and subtle artistry that no other blues singer has ever been able to match. She could hit a note right on the nose or admit it gradually by the rear entrance. And always, even when she was playing with double-entendre lyrics, there was that plangent quality to her singing, that pervasive sadness, that deft artistry. Bessie was fortunate, too, in the jazzmen who backed her in the studio. Some of Louis Armstrong's most affecting playing is with Bessie. And in some of her best recordings, she had Joe Smith out of the Fletcher Henderson band, whose gentle phrasing and purity of tone so beautifully complemented her singing.

Now you can have all 160 of Bessie Smith's recordings, transferred lovingly from the old 78 rpms to quiet vinyl on ten LP sides. They have been reissued in one package by Blue Angel (1738 Allied Street, Charlottesville, Va. 22901; $59.99), that remarkable company which has given us the complete Bix Beiderbecke and the almost-complete Jelly Roll Morton. Hearing those records, you will understand what John Hammond, who contributed so much to the survival of jazz, meant when he wrote years ago that "Bessie Smith was the greatest artist American jazz ever produced. . . . She was one of those rare beings, a completely integrated artist capable of projecting her whole personality into music."

For those who love jazz there is more good news. The Franklin Mint Record Society is issuing a kind of *anthologie sonore* of the best jazz recordings (available by subscription only; the Society's address is Franklin Center, Pa. 19091). The editor is Dan Morgenstern, a former editor of *Downbeat*, who now heads the Rutgers University Institute of Jazz Studies—and if the first album of four LPs is an index of what is in store, then glory hallelujah! The album is divided between Louis Armstrong (Big Jazz) and Roy Eldridge (Little Jazz). The Satchmouth sides cut across his recording career, from the old Okehs with Earl Hines to those neglected sessions

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for Victor, in which it is all Louis and forget the band. It includes "That's My Home," among the best of Louis's output for that period.

Of greater note, since so much of Armstrong is still available in record shops, are the Eldridge cuts. Like almost every trumpet player, Eldridge started out as a kind of "second line" to Armstrong. There were other influences—and it is amazing to hear his horn expressing its debt to Benny Carter's alto sax. But Roy Eldridge developed his own voice. He was a master with the mute—but open or muted, he could pack more notes into a measure than any other jazz musician I have ever heard. His versatility, his inventiveness, and his range were phenomenal. And until he went "modern"—taking Dizzy Gillespie and others along with him—he remained in the jazz/blues tradition. Included on the two LPs are an across-the-board selection—Eldridge with Teddy Wilson, Benny Goodman and Gene Krupa, Artie Shaw, Benny Carter, backing Billie Holiday, and with his own band. Perhaps the highest praise I can offer is that nowhere does Eldridge allow his incredible technique or the outpouring of notes to compromise his music.

Future issues of this Franklin Mint Record Society series will be drawn from the huge jazz archives of the Institute of Jazz Studies—and I do not envy Dan Morgenstern the job of selection. There is so much that is great and unavailable. Some of it—like the exciting Boots & His Buddies records of the late 1930s—was hardly noticed when it was issued. But enough of the greatest jazz will, I am sure, be included to give every subscriber his own personal jazz archive. □

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NIKA HAZELTON

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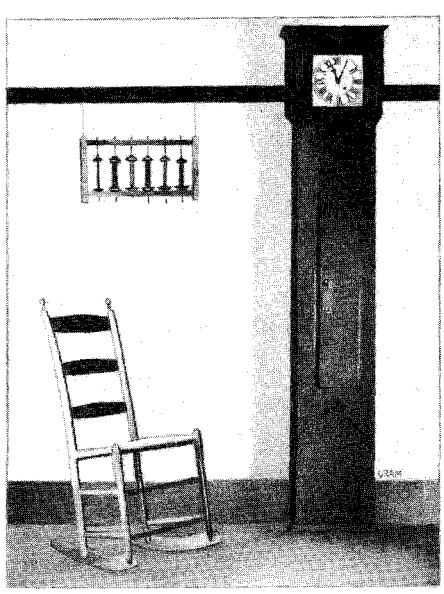
formal ritual dancing that used to be part of their religious practice, came from England in 1774, led by Mother Ann Lee. They lived a communal life and were celibate, but they raised orphans, who then could choose to become Shakers themselves or to go into the world. The Shakers established more than twenty villages throughout New England, and then moved westward as far as Kentucky and Indiana. They became famous for inventions that made everyday life easier—among them the flat broom, the clothes pin, the washing machine, the draft-free bread-raising table, the cherry and apple picker, the corer-peeler, and the circular saw. Many of the Shaker colonies have been converted into museums, where one can admire all of these objects and more; although one of the finest museums, the one in Chatham, N.Y., was never a colony—it was simply started from scratch. It contains perhaps the best and most complete collection of Shaker artifacts, including samples of the wonderful, very plain but exquisitely elegant furniture that now fetches enormous prices in the American antique market.

In addition to furniture and other household goods, each Shaker colony produced its own wool and made it into cloth (Shaker capes are most desirable as evening cloaks); the Shakers tanned their own leather, and made baskets, boxes, and tinware. (Today, these baskets and boxes are much-sought-after handicrafts.) The Shakers were also known for their herb business; rather than sell their herbs and seeds loose, as was the custom of the day, they packaged them in airtight containers and sent them throughout the United States, and even as far as Australia. With Shaker products, you *knew* that the seeds you bought would sprout and that the dried herbs would be fresh and true.

Recently I renewed my acquaintance with Shaker life in New York City's Vista Hotel, where one of the fewer than a dozen extant Shakers, Sister Frances Carr, was planning for the hotel's American Harvest Restaurant a week's menus made up of Shaker dishes. Shaker food is the best kind of American home cooking, plain, made with the freshest ingredients, interestingly seasoned with herbs—the Shakers were the first people in this country who used herbs in seasoning and they also served their vegetables crisp long before it became fashionable. Sister Frances is the Kitchen Deaconess in Sabbathday Lake, Maine, the last Shaker village that still supports itself in the traditional manner, by farming as well as by selling herbs, sachets, vinegar, rosewater, and other homemade items, from their own little gift shop and by mail.

Sabbathday Lake, like all Shaker colonies, consists of white clapboard houses and barns, nestled in rolling orchards and pastures. What distinguishes it from the other Shaker colonies one can see today is that it is not a museum, but a living community of nine souls, all going strong in their work and beliefs. They welcome visitors, but they have neither a restaurant nor a hotel, which has not prevented people from coming many miles to see the two brothers and seven sisters. There are also people who come to help with the farm work in summer—Sister Frances cooks for as many as 27 people during the work season. She is a comfortable woman in her mid-fifties, to whom you would immediately entrust your children. When she speaks, her goodness shines through, and you are moved to confide your troubles to her. She gave me some herbs; their fragrance fills the kitchen when you open the Shaker tin—still made according to the original design—in which the herbs are packed. For a catalogue of Shaker teas, culinary herbs, herb books, potpourri, and other interesting items, write to Sister Frances Carr, The United Society of Shakers, Sabbathday Lake, Me. 04274. Prices are extremely reasonable, and the choice is wide.

Here is a recipe for a traditional Shaker cake. I have tried it; it is easy to make, inexpensive, and good, an honest old-fashioned cake, which "will keep as long as it is stored."



Shaker Boiled Cake

Boil together for twenty minutes and cool after boiling:

- 1 cup raisins
- 1 cup water
- ½ cup shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 teaspoon ground cinnamon
- ½ teaspoon ground cloves
- ½ teaspoon nutmeg

Then add:

- 1 egg, beaten
- 1 teaspoon baking soda
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 2 scant cups sifted all-purpose or unbleached flour
- fruits and nuts

For the fruits and nuts, Sister Frances says to use "as much as you want"; I added ½ cup mixed glacé fruits and ½ cup walnut pieces. But you can add more or fewer of each.

Place in well-greased and -floured loaf pans (size will depend on how much fruit and nuts you have used) and bake at 350° or 375° for 45 minutes or until cake tests clean. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Pope John Paul II and the Catholic Restoration, *by Paul Johnson (St. Martin's, 216 pp., $11.95).* John Paul II had two choices when he assumed the papacy. He could continue in the direction taken by Paul VI, who tried to accommodate the Roman Catholic Church to the powerful currents of the modern world. Or he could steer the Church onto its own solitary course, its compass set not by the Zeitgeist but by its traditional teachings. Actually, if the College of Cardinals had wanted a continuation of Paul VI, it could and would have chosen an Italian. Instead, it reached for the first time into the Slavic East and voted overwhelmingly—103 votes out of 109—for Karol Wojtyla, a cardinal known for his adherence to traditional Catholic doctrine. In John Paul's eyes, says Paul Johnson, a former editor of Britain's *New Statesman*, the Church is confronted by five "master evils," each of which poses a major threat to the future of the Church. In Latin America and other parts of the Third World, the problem

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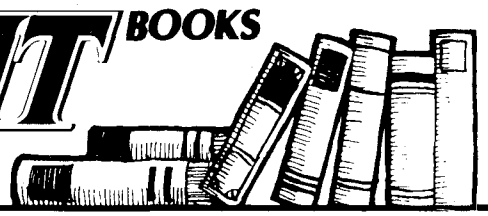
is how rights can be secured without violence. In the West, the problem is the abandoning of spiritual and moral values for a life of pleasure, the "new slavery," in the words of the Pope. The Church itself plays host to two more of the evils: a) the erosion of discipline and morale in the ecclesiastical community itself—the denial of the authority of the Church; and b) the forces of anti-truth within the Church, represented most audaciously by Hans Küng. The last and most dangerous evil is Marxism-Leninism, the only one of the five that openly avows its contempt for religion. Quoting extensively from the writings and statements of Karol Wojtyla, both before and after he became Pope, Johnson shows that the 103 cardinals made a divine choice. If any man is equal to the awesome challenges—spiritual, theological, and political—confronting the Catholic Church, it is this titan from the East. KEVIN LYNCH

CINNAMON SKIN, *by John D. MacDonald (Harper & Row, 275 pp., $13.95).* Every Travis McGee story is color-coded. The colors refer to either a beautiful woman or some danger she must be rescued from: *Nightmare in Pink*, *The Long Lavender Look*, and now *Cinnamon Skin*. All these novels star the huge and intelligent Travis McGee and his intellectual sidekick, Meyer the economist. But Meyer is in trouble. Rendered an emotional vegetable by the nasty ending of *Free Fall in Crimson*—a thrashing administered in 1981—the highly analytical Professor Meyer has been spending the last year watching television. Meyer! Watching television! McGee cooks up a scheme to get Meyer on his feet again, only it backfires and Meyer's niece is blown up—as well as Meyer's boat, the *John Maynard Keynes*. Then the chase begins. As in all John D. MacDonald constructions, it's never a question of who, it's a matter of when, where, and how the villain will be vanquished. They set the trap in Mexico, following a wild scene on a pyramid in the jungles of Cancún. Between adventures McGee, ever philosophical, discourses engagingly on anything that crosses his mental field of vision: teenagers playing video games in shopping malls, adults in traffic, how to tell when you're in a first-rate restaurant before the food arrives, why exercise is bad and why man was not built to jog, slow-motion Chinese combat, the demise of Florida—Travis McGee is one of America's finer social critics. The girl with the cinnamon skin doesn't appear until we're deep in Mexico—but she's worth waiting for. McGee wins this damsel, of course, but he does not slay the dragon. A touching twist: McGee does very little bashing in this one; primarily he nurses his friend Meyer back to health. Call it intelligent trash, irresistible trash, classical trash.

THE RIGHT BOOKS



CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

IN 1971 John Rawls published a book called *A Theory of Justice*, which established his reputation as a philosopher as well as a pre-eminent spokesman for an advanced and sophisticated sort of philosophical liberalism. In this book Rawls sought to rescue Kant's theory of justice as the primary value deriving from a concept of *right*, prior to and utterly independent of every notion of the *good*. Rawls agreed with Kant that uncompromised justice must be the first consideration of human society, but he understood that in order to be "relevant," as they say, to the empirical twentieth century mind, Kantianism had to be divested of its metaphysical and transcendental matrix. Hence, his own theory of justice "tries to present a natural procedural rendering of Kant's conception of the kingdom of ends, and of the notion of autonomy and the categorical imperative. In this way the underlying structure of Kant's doctrine is detached from its metaphysical surroundings so that it can be seen more clearly and presented relatively free from objection."

Kant and, through his updating of him, Rawls were important to theories of liberal politics because they provided a justification for a radical individualism in which the untrammeled independence of the citizen was paramount. Kant had argued that only "the subject of all possible ends himself" can give rise to the right, that subject being also the subject of an autonomous will; Rawls agreed, denying only that such a subject must be a transcendental, or noumenal, entity. Now comes Michael J. Sandel, like Rawls a professor of philosophy at Harvard, to deny that Rawls can have "liberal politics without metaphysical embarrassment" and to attack the foundations of what he with gentle mockery calls "deontological liberalism."

Sandel's *Liberalism and the Limits of Justice* (Cambridge, $29.50 hardback; $9.95 paper) is a gracefully—even beautifully—written book that I would imagine is destined to be something of a classic on the subject. "This is an essay," it begins, "on liberalism"—on *deontological* liberalism, "a version of liberalism prominent in the moral and legal and political philosophy of the day." Its thesis is that

> society, being composed of a plurality of persons . . . is best arranged when it is governed by principles that do not *themselves* presuppose any particular conception of the good; what justifies these regulative principles above all is not that they maximize the social welfare or otherwise promote the good, but rather that they conform to the concept of *right* . . . Against the primacy of justice, I shall argue the limits of justice, and, by implication, for the limits of liberalism as well. The limits I have in mind are not practical but conceptual. My point is not that justice, however noble in principle, is unlikely ever to be fully realized in practice, but rather that the limits reside in the ideal itself.

Sandel begins by acknowledging the inadequacy of many of the critiques of Rawlsianism, and goes on to better them by showing how contradictory and inconsistent Rawls can be. But Sandel's chief argument is against the faulty notion of the human personality implied by the liberal philosophy.

THE DEONTOLOGICAL self, Sandel claims, is "stripped of all constitutive attachments," and hence "less liberated than disempowered." The deontological ethic "fails plausibly to account for certain indispensable aspects of our moral experience" by denying the social and historical dimension of personhood without which there is no character. In the absence of character, there can be in turn "no self-realization in any morally serious sense"; and, without self-realization, the Kantian "subject" is of course impossible. So, "As the independent self finds its limits in those aims and attachments from which it cannot stand apart, so justice finds its limits in those forms of community that engage the identity as well as the interests of the participants."

But go to the book yourself. I know of no more beautiful passages in all political philosophy than the two final paragraphs of this very wise essay. □

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(How about this line: "We sat at an outdoor bar drinking a brace of rum punches while we admired the pleasantly tanned mammary equipment of the younger lady guests.") JEFFREY BRODRICK

STRAIGHT TALK ABOUT MENTAL TESTS, *by Arthur R. Jensen (Macmillan/Free Press, 269 pp., $12.95).* "To question the doctrine of the genetic equality of human races in mental abilities is to violate what is unquestionably the most powerful taboo in the twentieth century." So says psychologist Arthur Jensen in his new book, *Straight Talk about Mental Tests*—and Mr. Jensen certainly ought to know. For, in seeking over the past 14 years to shed light on the vexing social problem of the black IQ deficit, he has persistently and courageously defied this anti-intellectual, neo-Lysenkovian taboo; and, as a result, he has been subjected to a scurrilous campaign of vilification and abuse. (Hell hath no fury like an academic egalitarian scorned.) Quite a bit of this abuse, however, comes from people who literally do not know what Mr. Jensen is talking about; and so, in a wholly admirable effort to raise the low level of public discourse on the subject of race-related differences in intelligence, Mr. Jensen has written a book that, unlike his four previous books about heredity, intelligence, and mental testing, is specifically aimed at a popular audience: a detailed, nontechnical summary of current findings in the field of human intelligence bearing the deceptively narrow-gauge title *Straight Talk about Mental Tests.* Mr. Jensen's book deals chiefly with four topics central to the "IQ controversy"—the nature and validity of mental tests, cultural bias in mental testing, the heredity-versus-environment problem, and the causes of observed race and class differences in intelligence. In addition he supplies clear and concise explanations of a variety of topics ranging from Mendelian genetics to the psychometric use of the standard deviation formula. Carefully avoiding a polemical tone and abstaining altogether from "playing the role of social philosopher," the author has instead successfully put together an exemplary introductory "text" for the concerned layman unsatisfied with what Mr. Jensen calls "the popular and sensational literature of the Sunday-supplement variety." (A useful pendant to *Straight Talk about Mental Tests* that *does* deal with the polemical and philosophical aspects of heredity and intelligence, and which is one of Mr. Jensen's own six suggestions for further reading in the field, is Richard J. Herrnstein's *IQ in the Meritocracy.*) The results add up to the single best book of its kind currently available.

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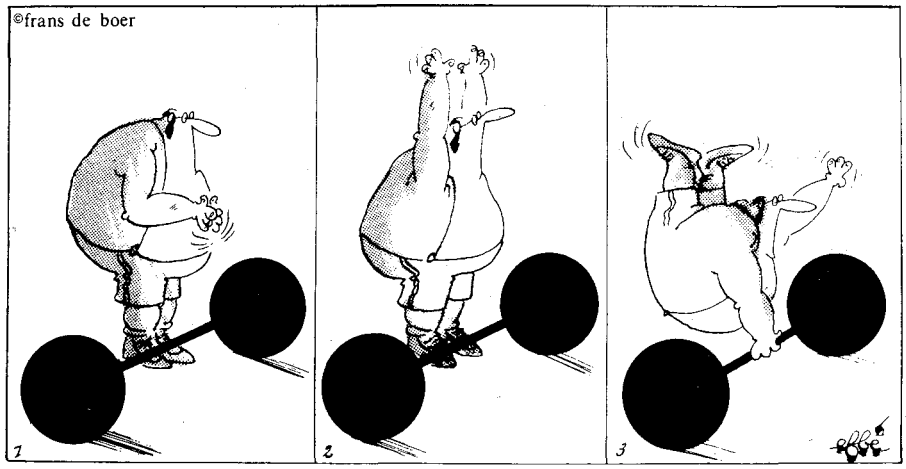

McLAUGHLIN

(Continued from page 22)

adversary—also prefers these newer, small missiles in the road-mobile form, we can steal his political thunder at the same time.

The State of the Union address will stress jobs. I'll put forward new initiatives like tax credits for employers who hire high-school graduates and dropouts; funds to train, relocate, and subsidize private-sector jobs for laid-off workers; and exemptions to permit employers to hire youngsters in the summertime for less than the $3.35 minimum wage. But the jobs effort stops at the water's edge—which for us is makework, public-sector jobs. I would veto any such jobs bill no matter what the political cost.

As for foreign policy, Yuri Andropov's offer to cut the deployment of medium-range missiles—even though it's a phony—has to be met with a counter-offer. The reason is NATO. Our European allies saw what Congress did to the MX, and they are rebelling against our putting Pershings and cruises on their soil. By making a counter-proposal to Andropov, and by undertaking production of the newer, smaller missiles, we may make NATO less resistant. Toward the same end, I like the idea of a Summit conference with Andropov in Moscow. Also, it will give me a chance to speak directly to the people of the USSR on Soviet TV. (Nixon is right about that.)

Besides the Kremlin, I've put Peking on the agenda for a quick Summit foray. We don't want the Chinese to draw closer to the Soviets because of any perceived chill in their relationship with us. And we don't want the Sino-Soviet detente to get so warm that the Soviets feel free to yank their one million troops from that border and move them to another location for fresh mischief. On the same trip, I'll stop off in Tokyo to jawbone the new prime minister on the virtues of a more realistic Japanese import policy and a higher defense budget. Taipei won't like the Peking stop, but we can reassure them behind the scenes. Surely they know that I am their friend for good.

As for the Middle East, I'm encouraged that King Hussein is on board at last and is satisfied that we're going to see to it that the Israelis will get out of Lebanon and stop settling the West

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Bank. We're in this for the long haul, even if Begin decides to play hard ball. Mark my words: the King will be back in the U.S. before spring to tell us that he's willing to negotiate directly with the Israelis on the creation of a Palestinian homeland in association with Jordan. As for the West Bank, my guess is that the formula Begin will ultimately offer will be this: retention of one-third for the Israelis, surrender of two-thirds to the Palestinians.

As we go into our third year, what worries me more than Europe or the Middle East is this hemisphere, especially Mexico, whose foreign debt is close to $85 billion, and whose inflation is triple-digit. This means austerity in spades for the Mexican people, and illegal immigration in spades for us. We'll go on helping Central America resist Communism but in ways less controversial than our CIA operation in Honduras. Maybe Andropov can be pulled into a deal to ease matters here through Castro? Ask Shultz.

Abroad, everything seems to be coming to a head at the same time. It looks like 1983 will be, willy-nilly, no-guts-no-glory time for the Gipper. Thank God we're heading into an economic boom at home. □

LYNCH

(Continued from page 41)

a bitterly disappointed man. "I am returning with empty arms."

The Afghans aren't seeking a single U.S. advisor. They are supremely confident that they can handle the Russians themselves. Nor are they asking for weapons as sophisticated as the ones the U.S. regularly lavishes on its allies. What they need most of all are weapons capable of destroying the relentless Soviet helicopter gunships that constantly pound away at their mountain hideouts.

The Soviet involvement in Afghanistan has been likened to the American involvement in Vietnam, but in Vietnam both sides were receiving support from abroad—at least until 1975 when the financial burden became too onerous for the U.S. Congress. In Afghanistan only one side has the advantage of foreign support. In addition to the Soviets, Gailani has seen Bulgarians, East Germans, and of course Cubans. Yet the *mujahedin* have more than survived. Can any guerrillas anywhere else claim to have done so much with so little?

The PLO, the guerrillas in El Salvador, and the Polisario in the Sahara have the good fortune to be on the Soviet side and so automatically qualify for generous comradely assistance. The Afghans, who are fighting Soviet soldiers as no one has fought them since the Second World War, get little more than moral support. However good they may be for the Western psyche, Olympic boycotts and temporary grain embargoes don't bring down helicopter gunships. □

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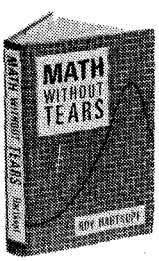

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The Peterson Social Security Reform Act of 1983

On The Right

New York, Jan. 5—Sometimes when one is just about ready to give up on the matter of reform there is a single development—and suddenly there is the possibility of reform. During the past ten days, Anthony Lewis, a high priest from the left of center, and Morton Kondracke, executive editor of *The New Republic* and an influential figure from what one might designate the center, have approved the creative thrust of two resonant articles by Peter Peterson, published in *The New York Review of Books*, on the matter of Social Security reforms. All then that is needed is for Congress to enact the Peterson reform bill of 1983.

The imminent bankruptcy of the Social Security program is too easy to demonstrate to make necessary any elaborate restatement. But to refresh the memory, here are a few of the findings, as documented by Mr. Peterson.

—As things stand, the worker who retires at the beginning of the year will have been paid back by Social Security the sum total of his contributions into the system over his lifetime, in nine months. If you count the interest on his money, if you add employer contributions and interest on *that* money, then repayment is effected in three and one-half years. Since the actuaries assume that either he or his wife will be alive to collect benefits for 25 years after his retirement, you are talking about repayments seven or eight times the savings effected.

—In 1950, 1 per cent of the federal budget went into Social Security payments. In 1982 the figure was 26 per cent. By the year 1985, Social Security payments will have increased by $150 billion over the level when Mr. Reagan took office.

No need to ooh and ah. The figures speak for themselves. What to do?

1. Freeze the cost-of-living increase for one year, a gesture in acknowledgment of the fact that indexation, during the past decade, got way ahead of productivity.

2. Thereafter, limit annual increases to match productivity increases. It was never really intended that people who retire should become relatively richer than their working children.

3. When the point is reached after which a beneficiary is receiving money beyond all his lifetime payments—on which he was already taxed—then begin levying a tax exactly as one would on regular income (which it is). The poor would be largely unaffected by that tax, even as they are largely unaffected by existing taxes (30 per cent of Social Security benefits go to Americans in the upper 20 per cent income bracket).

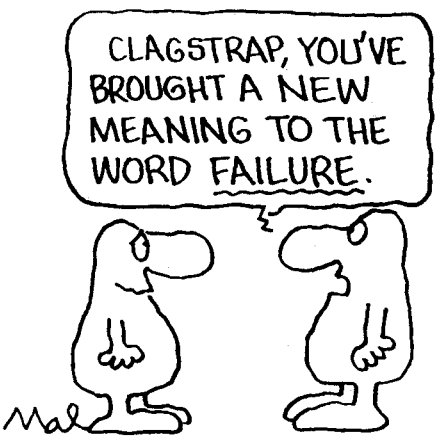
4. Lower the size of payments to Americans who take early retirement. At present, there are great incentives to retire early, and these are neither psychologically nor economically advisable.

5. Beginning this year, raise the retirement age by three months every year, for at least three years. Longevity has come to America at the rate of about one year per decade: thus Americans can now expect to live 4.3 years longer than when the program was devised.

6. Bring civil service workers into the Social Security system. As things now stand, they are able to play with their own retirement plan, and then, after retiring early, start a second career and qualify for Social Security. Double dipping on welfare benefits, is what it amounts to.

Mr. Peterson profoundly believes in the social obligation to look after the truly needy. For them, as required, he would continue, or even augment, supplementary benefits. Moreover, he sees Social Security as a "defining" instrument, linking the public with the government. Accordingly, no changes should be so abrupt as to cause resentment. But the original contract between worker and government simply did not foresee such accretions as thoughtless politicians came in with: indexation, without regard to realistic cost-of-living increases; a 70 per cent tax on older people who wish to work—the effect of Social Security reductions, offsetting wages; substantially enlarged initial payments.

The net of it is to do what is economically sound and politically inoffensive. Sure, there will be those who object. But these objections will not register in the echo chambers of American conscience. So, as Gary Gilmore said, "Let's do it." □



KIRKLAND TO THE RESCUE

New York, Dec. 27—The rise in the unemployment rate to 10.8 per cent was bad news. Public ire was directed at Ronald Reagan.

Why?

In Canada, unemployment is at 13 per cent. Everyone is mad at Trudeau more or less as a matter of principle, and that is understandable. On the other hand, Trudeau is a socialist of sorts, so why doesn't he do something about Canadian unemployment, which is two points higher than ours? Or, while we are at it, we have some super-heated socialists in Mexico, where unemployment is at 50 per cent. Is that the way to go?

So what is Reagan supposed to do? Mitterrand, running for president, announced that he would hire an extra 150,000 bureaucrats. He proceeded to do so. But by the time he was inaugurated, unemployment had risen far beyond the number of bureaucrats he hired. So what is Reagan supposed to do, hire a couple of million extra bureaucrats? What are they going to do, and who will step forward to pay for them?

Should Reagan place a government order for a couple of million cars? For fifty million tons of steel?

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Should he lower the interest rate? How does a President lower interest rates? By asking Congress for legislation to take from the Federal Reserve Board the right to buy and sell government securities? The establishment of the Fed, dating back to the Administration of Woodrow Wilson, has for years been hailed as a progressive step, removing from government capricious authority over the money supply—which, the gold standard and gold convertibility having since been abolished, would appear all the more desirable. But what if Reagan managed, through legislation, to acquire de facto authority over the money supply. Should he then flood the country with paper money to drive down the interest rates, so that more people could borrow to buy cars? And, by so doing, drive down the value of the dollar? Should he, in short, attack the earnings and the savings of the 99-plus million Americans who *are* working, in order to stimulate jobs for the 11 million? And how long would they then have work, if he were to do so, pursuing an inflation that everyone was complaining about when Reagan took office, and which since then has been halved?

LANE KIRKLAND, head of the AFL-CIO, was on television when the figures came out. What did he say? He said that if "they"—meaning Reagan's White House—would not "do anything" until there is "turmoil in the streets," then "we'll give them some turmoil in the streets." Kirkland managed to sound like Stokely Carmichael. Is the head of the largest free trade-union organization in the world proposing street anarchy?

Which reminds us: Now that we have examined what Reagan can and can't do about unemployment, has anyone asked Lane Kirkland what he might do about unemployment? Why do foreign cars amount to so great a share of the market? If the American worker's wage is pegged to a scale that keeps him earning about twice as much as the Japanese worker, is this a possible reason why so many Americans are buying Japanese cars? If the steelworkers are earning half again as much as German steelworkers, could this be why we are producing steel at 30 per cent of capacity? We all know that workers can earn more money if their tools are so refined as to give them an advantage over the competition. Thus one worker with an electric loom can be as productive as ten without such a loom.

Well, what has Lane Kirkland done to encourage savings and investment and recapitalization? He has been around longer than Reagan. Why not ask Mr. Kirkland to take a little time off from breaking windows in the streets to answer the question: Where is the statesmanship for which he has called? The Detroit Chrysler workers have been courageous and intelligent. But what about their counterparts?

It is time someone pointed out that Lane Kirkland is far more responsible for unemployment than Ronald Reagan. Come to think of it, now someone has pointed this out.

And by the way: During the same month that joblessness rose, 4.1 million Americans who had been unemployed got jobs. □

PLIGHTING ONE'S TROTH

New York, Dec. 31—John Roche, arguably the wittiest polemicist alive, reflected recently in these pages on the standards anti-Communists are supposed to meet in order not to be dismissed as frenzied, or as warmongers. The subject is especially interesting given that the President of the United States is a prominent anti-Communist and is always getting into trouble because of his penchant for telling the truth about the Soviet Union.

Now there is a grain of respectability in the claim that the President of the United States simply should not tell the truth. Why? Because to tell the truth gets in the way of diplomacy, and diplomacy is the highest imperative of a chief of state. In a world in which about 80 per cent of the nations' chief executives got there by organizing a coup, suppressing the opposition, declaring martial law, what have you, it is difficult to expect that social intercourse with democratic governments would work if our freely elected presidents and prime ministers were required to address the question of their guests' legitimacy. A President of the United States can't invite President Sékou Touré for a state visit and then, at the state banquet, toast the president of Guinea, "who has demonstrated to the whole world, the wonderful uses of torture, executions, and imprisonment, as a means of achieving stability in government." Mind you, a President offends the moral fabric when he says more than he has to say—which happened to President Carter when addressing effusively the tyrants who presided over Poland, Rumania, and Yugoslavia. The line between what a President needs to say and what he doesn't need to say would make for an interesting essay.

But what about the rest of us, who are fortunate enough not to be President? An example. Not long ago, John Roche (he is Professor of Civilization and Foreign Affairs and Academic Dean at the Fletcher School, Tufts University) wrote that George Kennan, the scholar and diplomat, has a way, notwithstanding his wonderfully calm demeanor, of, well, getting a little "frenzied"—as in his current calls for what amounts to unilateral disarmament. "When I pointed out that in 1948 he sent the Secretary of State a cable advocating that we launch a civil war in Italy if necessary to head off a Communist electoral triumph, and promptly grab back our World War II military installations, I was accused of an ad hominem attack. But I didn't send the cable; Kennan did."

John Roche here got off lightly: he was merely accused of using an argumentum ad hominem. But sometimes he is accused of moving one step up, of McCarthyism (Roche was an insistent critic of McCarthy). The problem is here universal. It has gotten to the point where Alger Hiss, no less, is held up as a victim of McCarthy. At the rate we are going it will soon be Red-baiting to say that Stalin was a Stalinist. Reviewing William L. O'Neill's *A Better World*, Roche writes that O'Neill has "categorical sclerosis": "If someone is falsely called a 'Red,' it is a lie—not 'Red-baiting.' On the other hand, if an individual has demonstrated a Pavlovian response to the Party line, and has consistently confused Left and East, it is neither ad hominem nor ad feminam to document it and consider it as part of a broad political syndrome."

The time for New Year's resolutions is upon us, and I feel the imperative to recommend wholesale Red-baiting during the new year. Why not? The mobilization of the social sanction is a very important democratic instrument. Antisemitism has all but disappeared on the social scene among civilized persons. Why? Because antisemites were, if you like, baited. The virtual disappearance of Jim Crow is an achievement of the racist-baiters. It is correct to say that there are many instances of people being termed antisemitic who were never any such thing (McCarthy, Goldwater, come to mind). And even today, people are accused of racism at the convenience of the demagogue. But as Professor Roche reminds us, to call somebody something he is not is, quite simply, a lie. To call him something he is—a racist, an antisemite, a fellow traveler, a Red—is to level one's moral energies at something one opposes. And since the principal secular call of the century is to oppose the people who gave us Gulag, then Red-baiting is a civilized and honorable activity, and to its continuation I plight my troth, for better or for worse, till death do us part. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. To nurture — 43 51 137 133 175 147 58

B. A strong aversion — 48 150 152 162 1 168

C. A novel by Sinclair Lewis — 13 31 39 84 99 105 176 189 53 87

D. A variety of lettuce — 64 165 103 29 156 2 59

E. Whitewashed — 55 60 108 131 142

F. An offshoot — 98 120 71 155 109 178 10 164 187

G. A Roman emperor — 123 32 179 148 132 153 134 190

H. Trembling — 9 22 40 91 17 56 73 86 100 115 154

I. Took pleasure in — 3 28 41 54 95 7 19

J. A character in Shakespeare's *I Henry IV* — 136 34 74 122 4 104 143

K. A son of Poseidon — 158 106 82 151 192 182 61

L. A native of a country bordering on the Red Sea — 163 121 183 167 35 107 62 144

M. Robust and sturdy — 169 177 37 111 138 77 5 191

N. A town in Hidalgo, Mexico — 185 24 129 181 170 81 193

O. A town east of Dallas, Tex. — 78 88 8 119 146 27 44 49

P. A town near Salt Lake City, Utah — 12 102 172 63 194

Q. A town near Minneapolis, Minn. — 116 67 47 11 25 15 45

R. The longtime owner of the Washington Senators — 135 83 6 20 76 112 161 72

S. A onetime political boss (1823-1878) — 149 68 124 173 46

T. One of the bases in baseball — 174 139 80 69

U. English is spoken here (not Liberia!) — 184 50 113 16 90 159 125

V. A tender — 21 85 145 52 128

W. A yen (not Japanese) — 140 70 96 18

X. A member of professional football's Hall of Fame — 157 117 92 14 30 114

Y. A river in eastern Iowa — 186 118 160 171 97

Z. What Goneril's husband was Duke of (*Lear*) — 23 141 26 126 101 130

x. What Gustaf Adolf II was — 33 36 42 93 110

y. One who pays other people's help — 57 66 127 166 180 188

z. A character in *Treasure Island* (fol. Long John) — 38 75 94 65 79 89

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 70 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

1 B	2 D	3 I		4 J	5 M	6 R	7 I	8 O	9 H		10 F	11 Q	12 P		13 C	14 X	15 Q	16 U	17 H
18 W	19 I		20 R	21 V	22 H		23 Z		24 N	25 Q	26 Z		27 O	28 I		29 D		30 X	31 C
32 G	33 x	34 J	35 L		36 x	37 M	38 z		39 C	40 H	41 I	42 x	43 A	44 O	45 Q	46 S		47 Q	48 B
49 O	50 U		51 A	52 V		53 C	54 I	55 E	56 H		57 y	58 A	59 D		60 E	61 K	62 L	63 P	64 D
65 z	66 y	67 Q	68 S	69 T	70 W		71 F	72 R	73 H	74 J		75 z	76 R		77 M		78 O	79 z	80 T
81 N	82 K	83 R		84 C	85 V		86 H	87 C	88 O		89 z	90 U	91 H	92 X	93 x	94 z	95 I		96 W
97 Y	98 F	99 C	100H	101Z	102P		103D	104J	105C	106K	107L	108E		109F	110x	111M	112R	113U	114X
115H	116Q		117X	118Y	119O	120F	121L	122J	123G	124S	125U		126Z		127y	128V	129N	130Z	131E
132G		133A	134G	135R		136J	137A		138M	139T	140W	141Z	142E		143J	144L	145V	146O	147A
148G		149S	150B		151K	152B	153G	154H	155F		156D	157X		158K	159U	160Y		161R	162B
163L		164F	165D		166y	167L	168B	169M	170N	171Y	172P	173S		174T	175A	176C		177M	178F
	179G	180y	181N	182K	183L	184U		185N		186Y	187F	188y	189C	190G	191M	192K	193N	194P	

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A totally new dimension in modular carpet technology, for tonal texture that you've never had before.

Milliken Research takes another giant step forward, with the development of the exclusive Millitex machine for tonal texturing of modular carpet.

Using a patented technique, the computer-driven Millitex machine works together with the Milliken Design Computer to create an outstanding array of unique tonal textures that offer unprecedented beauty and durability in contract installations. Textures so necessary to the design requirements of today's contract professionals —but never possible until now.

For new dimensions in carpet technology, contract America looks to Milliken first.

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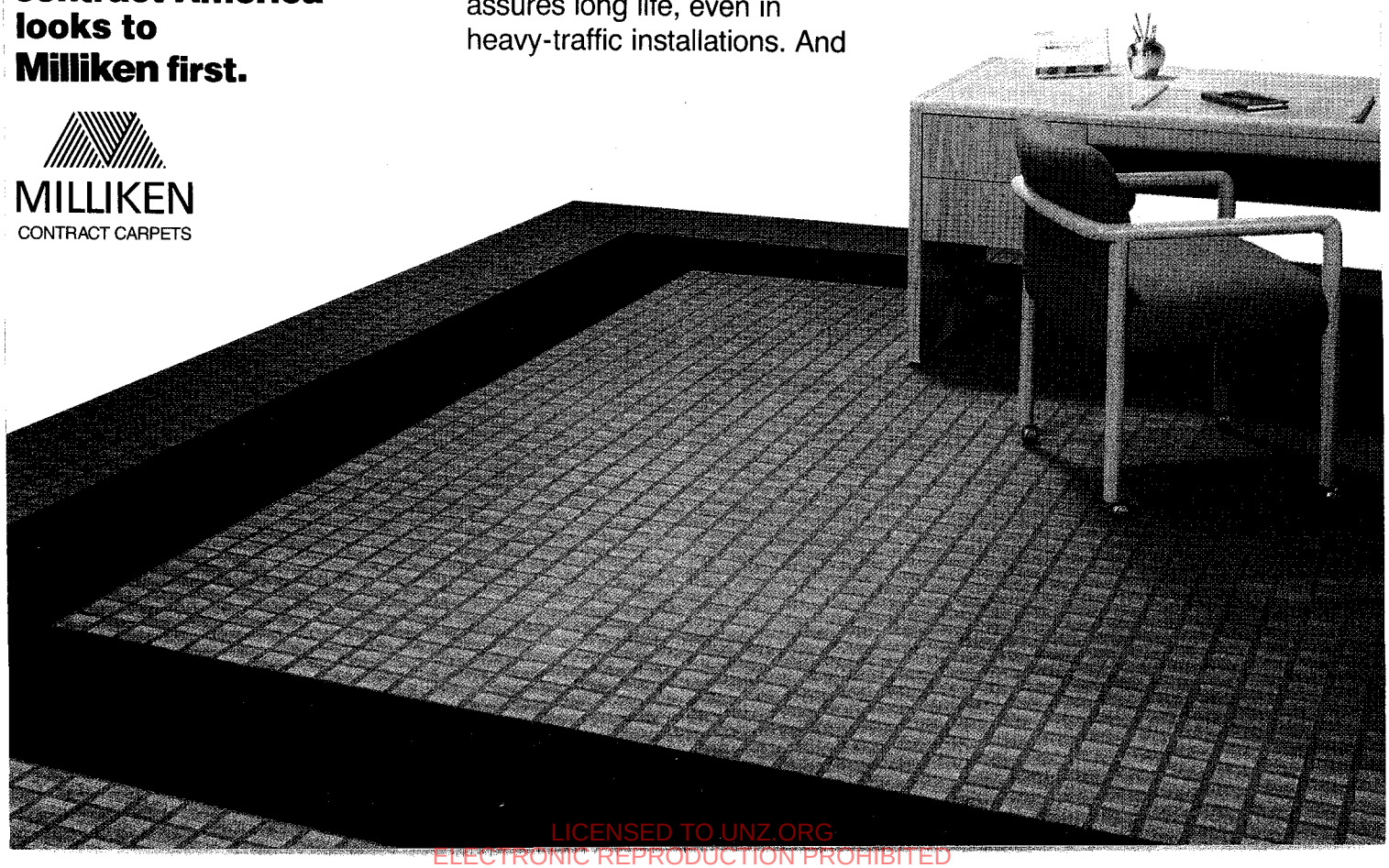
Using the unique capabilities of the Millitex machine, Milliken has created TextureMates—the first modular carpet line with tonal texture.

Their sophisticated patterns and contemporary colors make TextureMates outstanding design additions to any interior. Their textures are as durable as they are beautiful, because the base carpet is Milliken's proven performer—Corporate Square®/Nova fusion-bonded modular. High-performance Du Pont Antron® XL nylon assures long life, even in heavy-traffic installations. And because they are available in both vinyl hardback and MilliBack™, TextureMates make beautiful economic sense as well.

Discover the simply beautiful things we can do for you with our new Millitex machine.

The possibilities for tonal texture in your next installation are virtually unlimited. For further information on Millitex and the TextureMates Collection, contact your Milliken Carpet Dealer or Milliken Contract Carpets, P.O. Box 2956, LaGrange, GA 30241.

DUPONT ANTRON® XL



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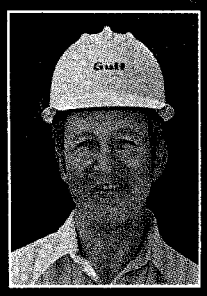

"There are still huge reserves of American oil left behind in oil fields that were tapped thirty or forty years ago," says Gulf Area Engineer John Shamburger. "In those days, crude was only two or three dollars a barrel, so we would operate an oil well only as long as the oil could be pumped up easily and inexpensively. It made more sense to drill new wells than to squeeze every drop out of old ones."

"In many of these old wells, the underground pressure is so low that the oil won't come up without some extra help. The extra help is called tertiary recovery, and it's a whole technology in itself. Here at Heidelberg, Mississippi, we started experimenting with it in 1971.

"One way to build up underground pressure is to set fire to some of the oil deep in the earth. That's called fireflooding. It drives the rest of the oil toward the well, where it can be pumped to the surface. The improvement can be pretty dramatic; in one case, production increased from one hundred to 2300 barrels per day.

"In other parts of the country, with different geology, we might use water, steam, or chemicals to get the oil flowing."

All over America, Gulf is using one or another of these technologies to get more oil out of old wells. It isn't cheap and it isn't easy, but it is a certain source of made-in-America energy for tomorrow.

Gulf

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"Gulf's underground heat treatment gets more oil from old oil wells."

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